



Ghost Walk

By James Goss

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Traveller in time and space. Deceased.

TEGAN: JANET FIELDING

The Doctor's travelling companion. Deceased.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON

The Doctor's travelling companion. Deceased.

ADRIC: MATTHEW WATERHOUSE

The Doctor's travelling companion. Deceased.

LEANNE (DOUBLES NANCY & KATYA)

F,20s – employed giving Ghost Walks in a city.

MATTHEW (DOUBLES REPORTER, PRISONER, MARTIN)

M,30s – a naïve priest in the city (1800s)

MRS STUBBS (DOUBLES FEMALE TOURIST)

F,50s

SABAOTH (DOUBLES LOUIE, GILES, JUDGE, FATHER ANGELO)

Ancient entity. (NOTE: for pronunciation purposes, this is spelt SABBAYOTH in the script but the above is the correct spelling for use on the liner cast list etc.) Suggested doubling represents the 'threat' in each time period.

CAMEOS

BILL

TOURIST 1, 2 & 3

BUTCHER'S BOY

BROTHER

LOCAL RADIO D.J.

JAILER

PLUS WILDTRACKS.

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SCENE 1. EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT

FX: BUSTLING CITY STREETS LATE AT NIGHT. EARLY 21st CENTURY. A LOUD, PIERCING SCREAM IN THE DISTANCE. WE GO IN CLOSE ON IT..

LEANNE:

(FINISHING SCREAMING) ...and that's how the drowning witch's howl went, ladies and gentlemen. (SMILES)

AUDIENCE:

(LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE FROM A CROWD OF ABOUT A DOZEN)

LEANNE:

And, when they next looked, she had vanished and was Never. Seen. Again. Now, follow me to the Gates of Hell. It's past the kebab van. (TO BAB VAN OWNER) Evening Bill.

BILL:

Leanne. Evening ladies and gents.

FX: LEADING A GROUP OF ABOUT A DOZEN PEOPLE ALONG A STREET, AND ROUND A CORNER.

LEANNE:

When we get back from the Catacombs, Bill does a lovely jacket potato. Now – have I got all of you? Yes, now where are my lovely Japanese tourists?

FX: SHE COMES TO A HALT.

LEANNE:

(COUNTING SOFTLY) ... 8... 9... 10... and, (SPEAKING TO SOMEONE WE CAN'T HEAR) not now. No, shut up. Shut up. Go away. (LOUDER, TO HER GROUP AGAIN.) Ah yes, I've got all twelve of you. Wouldn't want to lose anyone in the catacombs would I?

AUDIENCE:

(POLITE LAUGHTER)

LEANNE:

Now, everyone, I would ask you to be brave. We're going to venture into the Catacombs – sealed underneath the city since the 17th Century. And (PAUSE. SHE'S LISTENING TO SOMETHING WE CAN'T HEAR AGAIN) No. (BACK TO HER GROUP) Where was I? Ah yes. Only our Ghost Tour gets to see inside the Catacombs. So I will beg you all not to spoil the secret for anyone who went on an inferior tour.

FX: AS IF ON CUE, THE SOUND OF A WALKING STICK AND WITH A SWISH OF CAPE, LOUIE ENTERS

LOUIE:

What have we here? Ah, my poor dear Leanne!

LEANNE:

(TIGHT) Louie.

LOUIE:

Ladies and gentlemen! I behold the poor victims of Miss Leanne's Ghost Tour. I beg you to turn back – not because what you'll see is frightening, but fraudulent. There are no ghosts down there – why, it's only an old beer cellar. If you would care to come with me, I will offer you a discount on Magister Louie's Magnificent Ghosts. Turn back – nothing awaits you down there. Merely disappointment.

AUDIENCE:

(MUTTERING of the "Ooh, I don't know" variety)

LEANNE:

(HISSING) Stop poaching, Louie. (LOUD) Ladies and gentlemen, come with me. I assure you, the Catacombs are genuine.

FX: OPENS A SOLID WOODEN DOOR, TURNS ON A LIGHT SWITCH. THE TOUR GROUP TROOP INSIDE

LEANNE:

Come along, inside, that's right. Into the city's only genuine Haunted Catacombs. Come along – mind that low ceiling, sir. You are tall, ha ha. Come along. (PAUSE – LISTENING AGAIN, LOUD HISS) Leave me alone!

LOUIE:

(TO LEANNE) I say!

LEANNE:

Not you. (TO GROUP) There we are. I'll shut the door and lead the way.

LOUIE:

(CALLING OUT) I almost forgot – they say Leanne's hearing voices!

FX: SLAM OF HEAVY DOOR.

LOUIE:

(SOFT) Crazy bat.

SCENE 2. INT. CATACOMBS. 21st CENTURY.

FX: A GROUP GOING DOWN STONE STEPS. GUTTERING CANDLES.

LEANNE:

(TOUR MODE) Hold onto the handrail, that's right. Now has anyone heard the story of how these catacombs were discovered? (PAUSE) Anyone? (TO THE VOICE) Not you. (BACK TO THE GROUP) No? No-one. Well, the chamber we've passed through used to be the living room of a student house. And one night, students being students, they decided to play with a Ouija board. I'll tell you the full, baffling events of that night later, but for the moment, let's just say that they discovered that their house had a basement. And what a basement! A series of blocked up passages, running under the entire street.

FX: WE COME OUT INTO A LONG CORRIDOR.

AUDIENCE:

(DELIGHTED MUTTERING)

LEANNE:

Spooky, yes? Look to your left. See these vaults? They were originally store rooms for the merchants who lived above but... (TO THE VOICE) No, they really were, shut up.

AUDIENCE:

(MILDLY AFFRONTED MUTTERING)

LEANNE:

But at some point, they were abandoned, as the shops became houses. But not abandoned entirely. Some of the vaults have been bricked up, but others were pressed into sinister use. You see this one here on the left? Look, but, I beg you, don't go inside.

AUDIENCE:

(EXCITED MUTTERING)

LEANNE:

When the catacombs were uncovered this chamber was found. It had been put to (DRAMATIC FLOURISH) Sinister Purpose. We call it "The Temple". See the carvings on the wall? What can they mean? Madam, do you know?

AUDIENCE:

("Well no I don't," "Satanism?" "I hope she's not picking on me, I'm shy" MUTTERING)

LEANNE:

No-one knows. Professors have been around and no-one, no-one can read them. (SIGHS, SOFT, TO THE VOICE ONLY SHE CAN HEAR) No, don't tell me what they say. (BRIGHT) And then, of course, there are these little stones, all in a circle. Now, what do you think they are, eh?

TOURIST 1:

Stools?

LEANNE:

Very good, sir. No. And please, don't go near them. They are... a little like Stonehenge, aren't they? And it is said that terrible things happen if you venture inside the circle. Terrible. (THEATRE) But don't take my word for it. Be my guest.

AUDIENCE:

(NERVOUS LAUGHTER)

LEANNE:

We can only guess that something was worshipped down here. Something evil. And that is why the Catacombs were sealed. But that is not the only unusual thing down here. You asked for a ghost tour. I'll give you one. (PAUSE) Look at the end of the corridor. Those three steps. Yes?

AUDIENCE:

(MUTTERING OF AGREEMENT)

LEANNE:

Stay looking at those steps. I'm going to ask you to be brave. I'm going to turn off the electric lights. And I'm going to take this candle – an ordinary candle, (SHOWING IT TO ONE OF HER GROUP) would you agree sir?

TOURIST 2:

Yes.

LEANNE:

Very good. You're an expert on candles.

FX: SHE TURNS OFF LIGHTS. TAKES CANDLE FROM PLINTH.

LEANNE:

Now, stay standing terribly still. And watch the wall as I walk towards it. The shadows. Watch the shadows

AUDIENCE:

(GASPS.)

TOURIST 1:

That figure!

TOURIST 2:

How did you do that?

FX: THAT IRRITATING SIMULATED SHUTTER NOISE MADE BY DIGITAL CAMERAS.

LEANNE:

(STERN) No pictures. No. But you all see it, yes? A shadow of a man, standing at the top of the steps. And yet, look around. Is there anyone here casting the shadow? No. We call him The Patient Man. (DRAMATIC PAUSE) It's an optical illusion. Clearly. (SMILES) Because, after all, there is no such thing as ghosts.

AUDIENCE:

(GOOD-HUMOURED LAUGHTER.)

FX. A BOOMING SOUND ECHOES THROUGH THE CATACOMBS.

AUDIENCE:

(GASPS)

TOURIST 1:

What was that?

TOURIST 2:

Just traffic. That's all.

FX: MORE BOOMS. AND TRICKLING DUST.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORTED, UNRECOGNISABLE, HOWLING NOISE. HE'S TRYING TO COMMUNICATE BUT ALL THAT'S HAPPENING IS THIS AWFUL SOUND.)

AUDIENCE:

(PANIC)

LEANNE:

Something's happening. I'll lead you to the entrance. (TO THE VOICE) Leave us alone. Not now! (TO GROUP) The exit is this way. No, sir, no – don't go into that chamber. Someone – please, stop him. Keep him back from the altar.

TOURIST 2:

This whole place is falling apart.

TOURIST 1:

(FROM INSIDE THE TEMPLE) It's fine in here.

LEANNE:

Get out of the temple. Please. Let's get to the steps. Follow me. Ladies and gentlemen – and come away from the altar.

TOURIST 1:

(DREAMY, NOT THEMSELVES) But, I have to. It's calling to me.

FX: MORE BANGS. MORE DEBRIS AND ROCK FALL.

AUDIENCE:

(REAL PANIC)

LEANNE:

Everyone else, get out – all right? I'll get him. Sir, do not step inside that circle.

TOURIST 1:

He's coming! He's reaching out to you!

FX: A SUDDEN SHOVE.

LEANNE:

(GRAPPLING) Sir! Come on, out you come, and – no!

FX: SHE IS SHOVED BACK.

LEANNE:

(RESPONSE SOUND TO BEING SHOVED)

TOURIST 1:

Sabbayoth is hungry.

LEANNE:

What?

TOURIST 1:

Sabbayoth is coming and he needs you.

FX: MIGHTY HOWLING BUILDING TO A CRESCENDO

LEANNE:

No. Please. Stay out of my head. Please! Shut up!

FX: SUDDEN SILENCE

(FX NOTE: DURING ALL SCENES WITH LEANNE, THE DOCTOR HAS A SLIGHT FILTER ON HIM. HE'S NOT PHYSICALLY THERE, IS, IN EFFECT, A GHOST.)

DOCTOR: (F.)

And there we are! I should be in focus now. Hello! Sorry about the theatrics. Bit confusing, but can I ask you not to panic?

LEANNE:

What! Did you cause all this?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Um. Yes.

LEANNE:

To get my attention? What are you?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Look, this is all rather awkward. Anyway, I'm the Doctor and, look, do you by any chance believe in ghosts?

LEANNE:

You're kidding.

MUSIC: OPENING TITLES.

SCENE 3. INT. CATACOMBS. 17th CENTURY.

FX: FOOTSTEPS. BIG DRIPPING STONE CORRIDORS.

ADRIC:

(SIGHS) Looks like we're stuck down here.

TEGAN:

Catacombs, underground passageways, cellars – they'll feature heavily in my autobiography.

NYSSA:

(LOOKING AROUND) But where are we?

ADRIC:

Does it matter? It's just a cave of some sort.

DOCTOR:

(FIRM) We're on Earth.

ADRIC:

Again? Let me guess – is this Heathrow?

TEGAN:

Most amusing.

ADRIC:

(GOADING) Or, perhaps, many centuries from now this will be Heathrow? Funny how we keep missing.

NYSSA:

Adric.

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS is, well, many wonderful things. Problems only occur when you aim for a specific spot. Would be much easier if we didn't. You know – a watched pot never boils.

NYSSA:

But that's silly.

ADRIC:

Not at a quantum level.

TEGAN:

I don't care. Where are we? Why are we here?

FX: TARDIS EMITS A STRANGE AND AWFUL BACKWARDS GROAN.

TEGAN:

Is that the TARDIS? Why's it making that terrible noise?

DOCTOR:

(HURT) I've always considered the TARDIS a she, not an it.

TEGAN:

Fine. Why is your little pony making that racket?

FX: ANOTHER GROAN FROM THE TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

Something in our surroundings is upsetting her. We didn't come here by accident. We answered a distress call.

NYSSA:

Did we?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS is very fond of them. In theory, somewhere in these, um, caverns, should be a spaceship and a friendly alien in need of help.

ADRIC:

I get it. "Officers And Cars Respond To Urgent Calls"

DOCTOR:

Very good.

TEGAN:

What are you talking about?

ADRIC:

I read it on the TARDIS door.

NYSSA:

But there isn't a spaceship here.

DOCTOR:

Well, we haven't found one yet. We'll just have to explore a bit more, won't we?

TEGAN:

Great.

DOCTOR:

Of course, whoever sent the distress call may not actually need one.

NYSSA:

Not all races require a spacecraft.

DOCTOR:

(GRATEFUL) Exactly! There are gateways, muon pathways, and, erm... all sorts of things.

ADRIC:

But what's an alien doing in these caverns?

TEGAN:

Looking to get out?

DOCTOR:

Asking for help. We may not have found it – but I think the TARDIS has interfaced with it.

FX: ANOTHER HOWL FROM THE TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

See? Now, Adric, Nyssa, why don't you go over there? Tegan and I will go this way.

FX: THEY WALK OFF IN THEIR SEPARATE DIRECTIONS.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

SCENE 4. INT. CATACOMB STEPS. 17th CENTURY.

FX: FOOTSTEPS, CAREFUL CLIMBING OF STAIRS

NYSSA:
Careful.

ADRIC:
I am being careful.

NYSSA:
It's just these steps – well, they're not very...

ADRIC:
Regular?

FX. NYSSA STOPS.

NYSSA:
(SIGHS) I miss Traken. (SAD PRIDE) Our staircases were very regular. I'm going back down.

FX: NYSSA GOES DOWN A FEW STEPS.

ADRIC:
I can't see how high they go. This torch isn't very powerful.

FX: TAKES A FEW MORE STEPS.

NYSSA:
Let's go back.

ADRIC:
Not coming up with me? If I go on, I'll leave you in the dark.

NYSSA:
(SHIVERING, NOW SLIGHTLY OFF) It's so cold down here.

FX: ADRIC CARRIES ON CLIMBING

ADRIC:
Only to be expected if we are underground. Also if there are buildings on top of this, then the amount of heat permeating downwards would be minimal. Unless of course, we were a long way underground, sufficiently so as to be able to induct heat from the Earth's core-

NYSSA:
(OFF) Stop talking!

ADRIC:
Charming! Sorry if I was boring [you] –

NYSSA:

(OFF) Can't you feel it? The cold. There's something in the cold.

ADRIC:

I can't feel anything.

FX: CARRIES ON UP THE STEPS.

NYSSA:

(OFF) But there's something, pressing in on me. (DEEP BREATH)

ADRIC:

You're being hysterical. Come up the stairs. The Doctor told us to explore. I'm exploring. If there's a way out, I'm going to find it.

NYSSA:

(OFF) Please. Don't leave me in the dark.

ADRIC:

Come up the stairs, then. (GOES UP MORE STEPS) Not much further. I can see the ceiling. And, if I'm right, there should be a hatch or...

PAUSE

ADRIC:

Oh.

NYSSA:

(OFF. GASPS)

ADRIC:

What now?

NYSSA:

(OFF, SOFT) The Doctor was right.

ADRIC:

What about?

SILENCE

ADRIC:

Well, I've bad news. There's no way out. We're sealed in. The entrance has been blocked. Anyway, what were you saying? What's the Doctor right about?

NYSSA:

(OFF) We're trapped. And there is something in here with us. I can feel it in my mind. And Adric? (LOUD, PANICKED) It's coming for you.

FX: SUDDEN HOWLING SHRIEK

SABBAYOTH:

(DISTORTED) Sabbayoth!

FX: SOMETHING SWOOPS TOWARDS ADRIC.

ADRIC:

What? (FALLS) Arg!

SCENE 5. INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER. 17th CENTURY.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN EXPLORING.

TEGAN:

You could have brought another torch.

DOCTOR:

There are plenty more in the TARDIS... somewhere. (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) I wonder if this place is some kind of temple. See – there's even a stone circle.

TEGAN:

The mini Stonehenge?

DOCTOR:

Crudely, yes. And the markings on this wall are fascinating.

TEGAN:

Uh-huh. That's one word for them. Seriously, have you never seen a Peter Cushing film?

DOCTOR:

(HE HAS) Well...

TEGAN:

Someone has drawn with blood all over the walls. It is blood isn't it?

DOCTOR:

Appears to be, yes. (CONSIDERING) Whatever these markings are... I can't decipher them. They're ancient. Which is odd as...

FX: DABS FINGER, LICKS IT.

TEGAN:

(DISGUSTED NOISE)

DOCTOR:

(SMACKS LIPS) The blood is relatively new. And tastes of chicken. Not human. So there's something.

TEGAN:

But look at this place – it's a temple isn't it? A temple with blood on the walls. It's not going to be good, is it?

DOCTOR:

Well, not necessarily. The thing is, trapped aliens are apt to be – ah – misconstrued by the local, more primitive populations. Killed out of fear. It's even trickier if they use mental projection and arrive without a body. They end up being worshipped. Which doesn't help anyone in the end.

TEGAN:

So there's something down here. An alien. It doesn't have a body. People kill things for it and write sinister squiggly things on the walls and you're suggesting we offer it a lift?

DOCTOR:

Tegan, Tegan, there's so much life in the universe – some of it so strange, so wonderful that it translates badly into our own experience.

TEGAN:

The dead chickens are a translation error?

DOCTOR:

Probably. "Hello" can be a surprisingly tough concept to crack.

FX: TEGAN IS WALKING AROUND THE CHAMBER. SHE STOPS WITH A WET CRUNCH.

TEGAN:

Doctor. Could you shine your torch over here?

DOCTOR:

In a moment, I'm just trying to get my head round [this symbol. It may be an E.]

TEGAN:

(OVER THE END OF HIS LINE) Now.

DOCTOR:

Of course. Oh.

FX: HE TAKES A FOOTSTEP AND STOPS.

DOCTOR:

Tegan, step back.

TEGAN:

What. Am. I. Standing. In?

DOCTOR:

Step back. That's all. Yes. That's right. You can look now. If you really want to.

FX: TEGAN STEPS BACK.

TEGAN:

(LONG INTAKE OF BREATH) It's a pile of bones. Eurgh. But they're... mushy.

DOCTOR:

(PEERING) Hmmmn. The bones are breaking down. Something's attacking the valency of the bonds in the molecules – sucking the energy out of them like, well, marrow from a bone.

TEGAN:

Right. So they don't just sacrifice chickens to it. It eats them?

DOCTOR:

Chickens? Yes.

TEGAN:

What? I mean, those are just chicken bones aren't they?

DOCTOR:

Yes. (PAUSE) No.

TEGAN:

Oh god.

SCENE 6. INT. CATACOMB STEPS. 17th CENTURY.

ADRIC:

(GROANING) Nyssa? Where are you?(EDGE OF PANIC) Nyssa?

FX. NYSSA'S VOICE COMES FROM A WAY OFF.

NYSSA:

(OFF) I'm here.

ADRIC:

Something attacked me. I lost my footing, fell down the steps.

NYSSA:

(OFF) Are you all right?

ADRIC:

My leg... oh, it'll heal. How about you?

NYSSA:

(OFF) I'm fine. Well, I assume I am. You've been quiet for so long.

ADRIC:

(EMBARRASSED) I dropped the torch.

NYSSA:

(OFF) I heard it fall. It's probably broken.

FX: ADRIC STARTS SCRABBLING ON THE FLOOR.

ADRIC:

I can't find it. If only I knew where I'd fallen in relationship to the stairs then I could calculate its whereabouts.

NYSSA:

(OFF) Really?

ADRIC:

(CAUGHT) No. (PAUSE) Something attacked us. But it wasn't physically there. All I felt was - cold.

NYSSA:

(OFF) Adric...?

ADRIC:

Just that single moment. It felt horrible.

NYSSA:

(OFF) Adric! It's still holding on to me. It won't let go. I can't move.

ADRIC:

What? Nyssa. I'm coming towards you.

FX: ADRIC TAKES LIMPING STRIDES TOWARDS NYSSA.

NYSSA:

(OFF) It's pushing into my head. Peculiar. On Traken, we're aware of fear, but we try not to feel it. But this... thing. It wants me to be afraid. It's like a hand, stroking my spine.

ADRIC:

Is it talking to you?

NYSSA:

(OFF) Not in a direct sense. Well, I think the Doctor's alien has found us.

ADRIC:

I do too.

FX: ADRIC IS NOW CLOSER TO NYSSA

NYSSA:

We should find a way of communicating with it.

ADRIC:

Do you think that's wise? It's attacked us.

NYSSA:

It's so alien. Perhaps it's making me feel afraid... to tell me that it feels afraid. (SMILES BRAVELY) Yes. Maybe that's it.

ADRIC:

I think I'm standing next to you. Nyssa? Are you there?

SILENCE

ADRIC:

Oh, come on Nyssa. Answer me.

NYSSA:

(SHIVERING) Sorry. I was too... frightened to speak.

ADRIC:

I've got you! There! I've got your hand. It's so cold. (PAUSE) You can feel me holding your hand, can't you?

NYSSA:

No. But then (SADLY) I don't think you're holding my hand.

ADRIC:

But --- (PANIC) I can't let go! Nyssa, I can't let go.

NYSSA:

Adric, it's making me feel something else. (WORRIED,
THOUGHTFUL) Hungry.

SCENE 7. INT. CATACOMB CORRIDOR. 17th CENTURY.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN ARE STRIDING ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

DOCTOR:

(RAPID) ... An interface between mental and atomic energy. I mean, it's not so bizarre. You boil a kettle and that energy translates into a nice cup of tea and that makes you feel all's right with the world and yes, that's one way, but what we're seeing here-

TEGAN:

Slow down, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I gabble when I'm nervous. Tegan, we have to find Adric and Nyssa and get them back to the TARDIS. What drew us here...

TEGAN:

Bad news?

DOCTOR:

Yes. The force that's become trapped down here. It's not necessarily evil. It's just that it is so very unlike us, and, I hate to say this, but I don't think we're going to get along. (SHOUTS) Nyssa! Adric! (PAUSE) Oh, where are they?

TEGAN:

These caverns are huge. Let's try down here.

DOCTOR:

I told them to go right.

TEGAN:

Which is why we're trying left.

FX: WALKING ALONG.

DOCTOR:

Aren't you going to ask me what the creature is?

TEGAN:

No. I'm not going to like the answer.

DOCTOR:

Very sensible. You see, what it is -

TEGAN:

(GROANS)

DOCTOR:

- is an ancient force. I think, right now, it's very weak. But it feeds off energy. Life energy. Such as chickens.

TEGAN:

And us?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Any form of life is energy to it. Which is why we're getting out of here. It's so starved that we can't reason with it. It'll just devour us.

FX: TEGAN STOPS WALKING

TEGAN:

(SOFT) Doctor, I've found them.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN HURRY UP AND BEND DOWN, SLAPPING AND YANKING AT ADRIC AND NYSSA.

TEGAN:

They're just lying there.

DOCTOR/TEGAN:

Adric! Nyssa! Come on! Snap out of it!

NYSSA:

... So cold.

ADRIC:

(MUTTERING) No, please, stay back, no more!

DOCTOR:

Come on, you two, let's sit you up. Tegan, help me move them over to the wall.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN DRAG THEIR FRIENDS OVER TO A WALL.

DOCTOR & TEGAN:

(EFFORT SOUNDS)

DOCTOR:

That's it, there we go.

TEGAN:

They're freezing.

DOCTOR:

Both of you. Open your eyes. That's right. Look at me. Can you remember your names. Yes?

ADRIC:

Adric.

NYSSA:

Nyssa.

DOCTOR:

Very good. Excellent.

ADRIC:

(WEAK) Not really. Name recognition requires a really low intellectual response. Tegan?

TEGAN:

Yes?

ADRIC:

See?

TEGAN:

Hey!

NYSSA:

Doctor, can you feel the cold?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Don't worry. We're going to get you back to the TARDIS and you're going to be fine.

TEGAN:

It's freezing here. Much colder than everywhere else. Why is that?

NYSSA:

Because the alien's here. All around us.

DOCTOR:

Draining the energy out of the air, of course!

NYSSA:

It's fed on us already. But it left us alive. Because it knew that you would come looking for us.

SABBAYOTH:

(A GENTLE GROAN)

DOCTOR:

Not good. Can you walk?

ADRIC:

(GRUNTS) No. I can't move my legs.

NYSSA:

It's clever – cunning. Leaving us unable to walk to detain you here. Doctor, Tegan – leave us.

ADRIC:

(FEAR) No! Please – take me with you – take us. I can't stand it.

TEGAN:

Come on – let's (EFFORT, HEAVE) get you up – drunk passenger training. Come on, you brave soldier. Doctor, get Nyssa.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, LIFTING NYSSA) When it comes for us, I'll try and communicate.

TEGAN:

I thought you said we couldn't talk to it.

DOCTOR:

I'd like to try.

FX. THEY START DRAGGING NYSSA AND ADRIC ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

SABBAYOTH:

(LOUDER ROAR)

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) Can you hear me?

SABBAYOTH:

(LONG MENACING ROAR. ENDING WITH A MILD QUESTION MARK)

NYSSA:

What's happening?

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) I'm reaching out to it. Thinking calm thoughts along the Vantalla scale.

SABBAYOTH:

(UNCERTAIN RUMBLE)

TEGAN:

(EFFORT) You seem to have confused it.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) That's the intention.

NYSSA:

You can let go now, I can manage on my own.

ADRIC:

Me too.

NYSSA:

It projects emotions. I think that's how it communicates.

DOCTOR:

Which is why I'm projecting to it how calm I feel. (SMILES)
It's really quite nippy, isn't it?

ADRIC:

Doctor, you don't seem calm.

DOCTOR:

Not now, Adric.

ADRIC:

It's just, if you're trying to tell it that you're feeling calm and you're actually not feeling calm, isn't it going to get [confused?]

DOCTOR:

(TERSELY, INTERRUPTING) Not now! I said, not now!

ADRIC:

I don't think anger will help.

SABBAYOTH:

(LONG, ANGRY HOWL)

FX: THE ROAR IS SUDDENLY EVERYWHERE.

DOCTOR, TEGAN, NYSSA, ADRIC:

(FEAR) Aaaaargh!

DOCTOR:

Run!

SCENE 8. INT. TARDIS. 17th CENTURY

FX: THE INSIDE OF THE SHIP IS QUIET, HOLLOW. FROM OUTSIDE, WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS COME RUNNING.

DOCTOR: (MUFFLED)

Come on everyone – into the TARDIS. We'll be safe there.

FX: A RATTLE OF A KEY, AND THEN:

DOCTOR: (MUFFLED)

It's stuck! The key's stuck!

TEGAN: (MUFFLED)

Now? It picks this moment to get stuck!

ADRIC: (MUFFLED)

Nyssa! Hurry up!

NYSSA: (MUFFLED)

It's so hungry.

DOCTOR: (MUFFLED)

And – finally!

FX: THE LOCK CLICKS OPEN. AND THEN THE MAIN TARDIS DOORS OPEN, BUT THE DOCTOR IS HAVING TO PUSH THEM.

DOCTOR:

There's something wrong with the doors. Push! Come on, everyone, push!

FX: AND, WITH A CREAK, THE MAIN DOORS CREAK OPEN AND THE TRAVELLERS STEP INTO THE ECHOING DEAD, TARDIS.

TEGAN:

What's going on? It's so dark in here.

DOCTOR:

I was afraid this might happen. Close the doors – come on. Quickly – put your backs into it. Got to keep it out.

FX: CREAK SLAM. THE DOORS CLOSED. THEY PAUSE, PANTING, ONCE THE DOORS ARE SHUT.

NYSSA:

(QUIETLY) Doctor, the TARDIS is dead isn't it?

ADRIC:

But it can't be!

TEGAN:

Well, she is.

DOCTOR:

The alien feeds on life. And the TARDIS is a living entity.
Well, she was.

FX: THE DOCTOR WALKING AROUND SADLY.

TEGAN:

(SOFT) Are you okay?

DOCTOR:

(SOFT) Not really. No.

FX: THE DOCTOR FLICKS A FEW SWITCHES, WITHOUT LUCK.

TEGAN:

So those cries the TARDIS was making – a distress call?

DOCTOR:

Yes. (THINKS) Well, no.

ADRIC:

So we're trapped here?

NYSSA:

Not now, Adric.

DOCTOR:

(RALLYING) They weren't distress calls. She was trying to escape. The TARDIS has a defence mechanism – The Hostile Action Displacement System. HADS for short.

NYSSA:

So, when it finds itself in danger it goes elsewhere?

TEGAN:

It scarpers from trouble?

ADRIC:

It's never worked before.

FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS A PANEL OFF THE TARDIS, GRABBING CABLES.

DOCTOR:

(BUSY) Like memory it's selective. Now – before the alien force burrowed into her, the TARDIS was trying to relocate. So there could – should – be some latent energy. I can tap into the system and effect an, um, emergency temporal shift. Nyssa, open that roundel and get me some more copper cable.

FX: NYSSA OPENS A ROUNDEL. DRAGS CABLE OUT.

TEGAN:

Can we help?

DOCTOR:

In a moment. Now – we'll have to go outside.

TEGAN:

What?

ADRIC:

(POINT SCORING) It's inadvisable to set up a temporal field inside a time machine.

TEGAN:

You want us to go outside?! But that thing's out there!

DOCTOR:

Then we'll be have to be quick!

SCENE 9. INT. CATACOMB TEMPLE. 17th CENTURY.

FX: THE SOUND OF FOUR TIME TRAVELLERS RUNNING WITH A LARGE DRUM OF COPPER CABLE (ABOUT THE SIZE OF A HOSEPIPE REEL.)

DOCTOR:

This way, come on, feed the cable this way. That's right?

NYSSA:

The centre of the temple?

DOCTOR:

Why not? It's a nice open spot. Now, yes, that's right, lay it out in a loop inside the stone circle –

FX: THEY START LAYING OUT THE COPPER CABLE OFF A SPINDLE.

DOCTOR:

Also, the area will have picked up a fair amount of residual psychospoor which will help to anchor the temporal field.

TEGAN:

(CONFUSED) I'm confused.

NYSSA:

(PATIENT) If you meditate on a point, it acquires mental energy. If you do it enough.

ADRIC:

That's ridiculous.

NYSSA:

Not on Traken.

DOCTOR:

Or in an English country church. Same principle applies. Especially if the vicar's boring. Now then –

ADRIC:

(INTERRUPTING) But how does that even work?

DOCTOR:

Stop quibbling! Please. You need to get inside the loop. I'll activate the temporal field, and it'll relocate you.

FX: THE DOCTOR FLICKS SOME SWITCHES ON THE SPINDLE. LOW HUM OF POWER.

DOCTOR:

There we go, I've activated the Displacement Generator. And there's some power! Yes, this is going to work. Now, step inside the loop, please.

FX: ADRIC, TEGAN AND NYSSA STEP INSIDE THE LOOP.

SABBAYOTH:
(LOUD HOWL)

NYSSA:
It's coming back.

DOCTOR:
Of course it is. It's sensed the energy. It's hungry.

FX: THE POWER BUILDS.

NYSSA:
What's to stop us rematerializing inside a wall?

DOCTOR:
Ah. Well, cross your fingers.

ADRIC:
Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Look, there's a reason I travel around inside a box. Other than style. But this is your best shot.

NYSSA:
Our best shot?

TEGAN:
Aren't you coming with us?

DOCTOR:
Not... immediately. I'm staying behind to make sure this works. Then I need to deal with the alien. Don't worry, once I've done that I'll come and find you.

NYSSA:
That's quite a list!

TEGAN:
Why not pick up a pint of milk while you're at it?

DOCTOR:
Now, close your eyes, deep breath, and hold on tight.

ADRIC:
To what?

NYSSA:
How are you going to defeat the creature?

DOCTOR:

Don't worry – I know exactly how to deal with it – no, stay in the circle.

ADRIC:

But don't you want us to help you?

DOCTOR:

I want you safe. Because you're children.

ADRIC, NYSSA, TEGAN:

Doctor! Come on! No. Etc.

FX: THE CREATURE HOWLS, THE POWER BUILDS.

DOCTOR:

No, no protests. Just stay where you are. You'll be fine. Here we go. I'll find you.

SABBAYOTH:

(REALLY LOUD ROAR)

FX: THERE IS A BLAST OF ENERGY AS THE DISPLACEMENT SYSTEM ACTIVATES. THE DOCTOR IS THROWN BACK.

DOCTOR:

Argh!

NYSSA & ADRIC:

Aieeee!

DOCTOR:

(GROANS) It worked. It actually worked.

SABBAYOTH:

(HOWL FADES)

DOCTOR:

Thought that'd shut you up – all the energy's spent. The only thing left to feed off here is me. (STANDS UP, DUSTS HIMSELF OFF) Now all I have to do is work out a way to deal with you. Because right now, I have no idea.

TEGAN:

(CLEARS THROAT) Children?

DOCTOR:

Tegan? What?

TEGAN:

You really think we're just children?

DOCTOR:

What are you doing here?

TEGAN:

I figured you needed some help dealing with this thing. Turns out you do.

DOCTOR:

I told you! I told you! "Stay in the circle." Why couldn't you – just once – listen to me?

TEGAN:

You didn't have a plan, did you? You were just flinging us off through time and then what?

DOCTOR:

I'd have temporised. Anyway, you'd have been safe. That's the most important thing.

TEGAN:

And you'd have just left us there to fend for ourselves?

DOCTOR:

That was the very worst case. If I can't find a solution – which I will – before that thing devours me. Well... I'm sure I'll find a way out of here before that happens. Hopefully.

TEGAN:

Thought so. We'll work out something together, Doc. We will. And then we'll go get the others.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

SCENE 10. INT. CATACOMB CORRIDOR. 17th CENTURY.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN ARE WALKING ALONG.

TEGAN:

There's got to be a way out of here hasn't there? We just need to think practically.

DOCTOR:

We're a long way underground. The only way out is blocked up.

TEGAN:

So – right – the TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

Yes?

TEGAN:

You say it's been drained. But it'll recharge, won't it?

DOCTOR:

I hope so.

TEGAN:

There you are then. We'll just hang around, dodge that thing, and wait until the TARDIS's batteries are full.

DOCTOR:

That could take centuries.

TEGAN:

You're kidding.

DOCTOR:

No.

TEGAN:

(SIGHS) Rabbits.

DOCTOR:

Quite.

SCENE 11. INT. CATACOMB CORRIDOR. 21s^t CENTURY.

FX: TRANSITION

LEANNE:

So, that's how you got stuck down here all those years ago?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Yes.

LEANNE:

Wow. So all these centuries... all the talk of hauntings...

DOCTOR: (F.)

It's all real.

LEANNE:

But how did you get out? I mean, you must have got out.

DOCTOR: (F.)

(DEEP BREATH) I didn't. I died here.

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

END OF EPISODE ONE.

EPISODE TWO:

MUSIC: OPENING THEME.

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 12. EXT. DUCKING STOOL. 18th CENTURY.

FX: THE MIC IS ON THE DUCKING STOOL. SO, TO START WITH WE'RE IN THE OPEN AIR, AND WE HEAR A JEERING CROWD.

CROWD WILDTRACK:

(JEERING) "Kill the witch!", "Drown her!", "Give her what she deserves" etc.

NYSSA:

(TAKES DEEP BREATH)

FX. THEN WE'RE PLUNGED UNDERWATER. HOLD FOR A FEW SECONDS AND THEN WE'RE UP IN THE AIR AGAIN, THE SOUND OF THE CROWD CLEAR ONCE MORE.

NYSSA:

(SPLUTTERING, GASPING)

FX. PLUNGED UNDERWATER AGAIN. HOLD. THEN BACK IN THE AIR.

NYSSA:

(CHOKING, STRUGGLING, GAGGING)

FX. AND BACK UNDERWATER. HOLD.

NYSSA:

(VOICEOVER, CALM) My name is Nyssa of Traken. And I've clearly a lot to learn about love.

FX. SLOW TRANSITION TO NEXT SCENE.

SCENE 13. EXT. FIELD. 18th CENTURY.

FX: A FIELD WITH DONKEYS AND HOES AND MUTTERING YOKELS AND CAWING CROWS. WITH A SORT OF TARDISY NOISE AND A SCREAM, NYSSA IS FLUNG OUT OF NOWHERE INTO THE FIELD.

YOKEL WILDTRACK:
(RURAL MUMMERY THEN GASPS)

NYSSA:
(GROANS)

GILES:
What?

YOKEL WILDTRACK:
(MUTTERING, ALARMED MUTTERING.)

FX: NYSSA PICKS HERSELF UP OUT OF THE MUD.

NYSSA:
Help me. Please.

GILES:
Don't go near'er, lads, she's a witch!

YOKEL WILDTRACK:
Witch? Urrrrrrrr.

NYSSA:
(EMPHATIC) I'm not!

GILES:
You jumped out of the air. Fall off your broom did yer?

YOKEL WILDTRACK:
(LAUGHTER)

NYSSA:
I don't a broom.

GILES:
You'll have brooms aplenty soon enough, lass, when we burn you on a pile of em.

YOKEL WILDTRACK:
(LAUGHTER)

NYSSA:
Please – I don't understand. What's going on? Can someone help me please? I don't feel very- [well]

YOKEL WILDTRACK:

(JEERS)

GILES:

Taking a turn for the worst are you, lass? Maybe you need warming up, eh? We'll put you a fire on.

FX: YOKELS CLOSE IN AROUND NYSSA. A HORSE COMES THUNDERING BY AND PULLS UP. SAT ON IT IS MATTHEW.

MATTHEW:

(CALLING) What's going on here?

GILES:

We've found a witch, Reverend. We're going to burn her.

YOKEL WILDTRACK:

(CHEERING)

MATTHEW:

You most certainly are not.

GILES:

But vicar – she flew into my field!

NYSSA:

(WEAK) I didn't fly. I can't fly. I fell.

MATTHEW:

Did you see her flying?

GILES:

Well, er... it's more that...

YOKEL WILDTRACK:

(UNCERTAINTY – "Now you mention it...")

GILES:

She sort of was just there. Like. (DOUBTFUL) Don' witches just pop up from the ground, like, reverend?

YOKEL WILDTRACK:

(AGREEMENT)

GILES:

Or from beneath the ground. That's it! She's from Hell!

NYSSA:

I'm from Traken, actually.

MATTHEW:

(FIRM) Traken, eh? That's over by Templemead. (SMILES) I know it well, and you men can take it from me - They have no witches there.

GILES:

But - but -

MATTHEW:

Ever been to Templemead, Farmer?

GILES:

Well, no, vicar.

MATTHEW:

Or Traken? Perhaps you've sold some cows there?

GILES:

(MUMBLING) Not sure I've had the pleasure of an invite, Reverend.

YOKEL WILDTRACK:

(RIB-NUDGING AT GILES' EXPENSE)

MATTHEW:

Well, their cattle market is very choosy, I hear. Isn't that right, my lady?

NYSSA:

(BEMUSED) If you say so.

MATTHEW:

Now, men, back off. We won't be requiring your kindling today. This young lady was clearly out walking and you didn't notice her until she fell.

YOKEL WILDTRACK:

(A BIT GRUDGING)

MATTHEW:

... And she's clearly exhausted. So hoist her up on the back of Startail here, and I'll take her to the vicarage.

NYSSA:

(GROAN)

COUPLE OF YOKELS & NYSSA:

(EFFORT SOUNDS OF GETTING HER UP AND ON THE HORSE)

FX: NYSSA'S LIFTED ONTO HORSEBACK, AND THE HORSE TROTS OFF, SQUELCHING THROUGH THE FIELD AS THE LOCALS RETURN TO WORK.

YOKEL WILDTRACK:

(DISAPPOINTEDLY GO BACK TO WORK)

NYSSA:

(WEAK) Thank you.

MATTHEW:

Just hold on to me tight – that’s right. Don’t want you falling off. You sit like you’ve never ridden a horse before.

NYSSA:

Traken isn't known for its horses.

MATTHEW:

(LAUGHS) You’re not a witch are you?

NYSSA:

I don’t think so. I’m Nyssa.

MATTHEW:

And I’m Matthew. The Reverend Matthew Doyle.

NYSSA:

Were they really going to burn me?

MATTHEW:

Even though we’re on the outskirts of the city, they’re simple folk. Good in their way, but they do like a burning. You’d have brightened up a day’s hoeing. Also, a bit of extra heat’s always welcome. (LAUGHS)

NYSSA:

Oh.

MATTHEW:

(ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.)

MUSIC: SEGUE

SCENE 14. INT. CATACOMBS. 17th CENTURY.

FX: THE CATACOMBS ARE ECHOEY. PLINK, PLINK, PLINK OF LITTLE PEBBLES BEING THROWN.

DOCTOR:

Tegan, stop throwing stones.

TEGAN:

There's nothing else to do.

DOCTOR:

Yes there is.

TEGAN:

Such as?

DOCTOR:

Thinking. I'm trying to do some. And you're not helping.

TEGAN:

Sorry.

FX: PLINK. PLINK. PLINK. TEGAN THROWS MORE STONES.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) You were the one who decided to stay here.

TEGAN:

That's when I thought you had a plan. (PAUSE) Where's the alien gone?

DOCTOR:

It's eaten an entire TARDIS. Probably has indigestion.

TEGAN:

So it'll leave us alone?

DOCTOR:

No, no. I don't think it needs to manifest. It can probably just... induct the energy from us.

TEGAN:

Induct?

DOCTOR:

Giant squids aren't always swimming around eating, um- (FLOUNDERS FOR HIS EXAMPLE)

TEGAN:

Sharks? Whales? Captain Nemo's Nautilus?

DOCTOR:

Quite. When they're at rest on the ocean's floor, they're digesting, bloated from their recent meal. All big predators do the same. I think the alien works like that too. It's basically dormant, gathering together enough energy to manifest in a new physical form.

TEGAN:

Wait. So when it came here..

DOCTOR:

It left its body behind and simply projected its "soul".

TEGAN:

But why would you...[do that]?

DOCTOR:

If you're travelling an unimaginably long way. You just project yourself as far as you want. And then, when you arrive, you induct energy from your surroundings, until you have enough to make a new body.

TEGAN:

But surely that's going to take a while?

DOCTOR:

If you're capable of beaming yourself all the way across the universe, you're not the kind of lifeform to care about a few centuries.

TEGAN:

Bizarre. How did it get people to – you know – bring it chickens?

DOCTOR:

The induction field – it operates at the, ah, persuasive end of the Vantalla spectrum. If you were a cat, you'd be leaving presents on the doorstep. If you're a human being, well..

TEGAN:

It's on with the cloaks and "All Hail Space Blob"?

DOCTOR:

(SMILES) It's like you've met him. As a method it's clever, subtle – doesn't draw too much attention to itself while it gets on with knitting itself a new body. Mind you, there's a problem – it's eaten its way through the TARDIS's telepathic circuits. That might exacerbate things.

TEGAN:

(WEARY) Right.

DOCTOR:

At the very least the surrounding biosphere will experience psychic overflow... wait. Tegan, are you all right? You didn't ask for an explanation.

TEGAN:

I'm feeling a bit tired, actually. May just lie down for a bit...

DOCTOR:

No! Snap out of it! It's feeding on you. Come on – get up, get up. That's right, lean on me.

FX: THE DOCTOR HAULS TEGAN PROTESTING TO HER FEET. THEY BEGIN TO WALK UP AND DOWN.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT OF LIFTING TEGAN)

TEGAN:

Let go of me!

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) No. Got to keep you walking.

TEGAN:

I don't want to keep walking.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) For once in your life you're not going to get your way. Stay with me.

TEGAN:

But I'm so tired.

DOCTOR:

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

TEGAN:

I didn't want to make a fuss.

DOCTOR:

You must be ill.

TEGAN:

Hey!

DOCTOR:

Good! There's the fighting spirit we need. Let's keep walking. It's supposed to be a good way of stimulating the mind.

TEGAN:

I wonder what's happened to Nyssa and Adric?

DOCTOR:

Flung forward in time and possibly a little bit in space too.
But you know those two, they'll have landed on their feet...

SCENE 15. INT. COURTROOM. 19th CENTURY.

CROWD:

(HUBBUB AND JEERING)

FX: BANGING OF GAVEL. CROWD SETTLES A LITTLE.

JUDGE:

Prisoner! You've been found guilty of stealing a loaf of bread.

CROWD:

(BOOS and "Shame!")

JUDGE:

Have you anything to say?

ADRIC:

I was hungry.

JUDGE:

That's no excuse.

ADRIC:

Isn't it?

CROWD:

(HUBBUB AND JEERING)

FX: GAVEL BANGING

JUDGE:

Silence!

FX. CROWD SETTLES A LITTLE.

ADRIC:

Look, can't we forget all about this? I just need someone to help me get into some vaults under the city and rescue my friends. Let's do that, and then we'll sort out the bread thing in a bit. How does that sound?

CROWD:

(LAUGHING AND JEERING)

FX: MORE GAVEL BANGING. CROWD SETTLES A LITTLE.

JUDGE:

The court will now consider your sentence. Either transportation to Australia...

ADRIC:

Oh. Tegan's from there. I'm not sure I'd like that.

JUDGE:

(RAISING VOICE) Or death.

CROWD:

(JUBILANT WHOOPS)

ADRIC:

Australia sounds nice.

SCENE 16. INT. VICARAGE HALL. 18th CENTURY.

FX: A PERIOD-APPROPRIATE CLOCK TICKS.

MRS STUBBS:

Will your "guest" be requiring anything else, Reverend?

MATTHEW:

Not right now. Leave her asleep on the chaise. Although, perhaps you'll make up a room for her?

MRS STUBBS:

(SCANDALISED) A room?

MATTHEW:

(CHUCKLES) Mrs Stubbs, you were born to be a chaperone. If anyone has a nose for impropriety in the parish, it's you.

MRS STUBBS:

Ah, that's as maybe, but I don't reckon it's right.

MATTHEW:

She can have the room next to yours.

MRS STUBBS:

She should get herself home.

MATTHEW:

She seems rather confused about where that is. And, I'd far rather have you championing her virtue under my roof than send her out into the roads in her present condition.

MRS STUBBS:

It's ungodly.

MATTHEW:

(FIRM) It's Christian charity.

MRS STUBBS:

I'm as charitable as the next woman, to be sure. I'd better go see if I can eke your pie out to feed another mouth, as I'm sure she'll be expecting supper an' all.

MATTHEW:

You do that.

FX: HE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE LIVING ROOM. CROSS TO INSIDE.

SCENE 17. INT. VICARAGE PARLOUR. 18th CENTURY. (CONT)

FX: A FIREPLACE ROARS. OUTSIDE WOODPECKERS. NYSSA STIRS IN HER SLEEP.

NYSSA:

(YAWNING) I'm sorry. I was exhausted. I hope I've not put you to any trouble.

MATTHEW:

Nothing I'm not enjoying. My housekeeper is wonderfully scandalised. She can't make her mind up if you're a woman of low-repute or if I'm a scoundrel who's brought you here to seduce you. She's currently horrified by both possibilities.

NYSSA:

Oh.

MATTHEW:

(CHUCKLES) It'll be all over the parish before she's reached the greengrocer's.

NYSSA:

I'm sorry.

MATTHEW:

Don't be. A bit of scandal's salt for the stew.

NYSSA:

I assure you, nothing's further from the truth.

MATTHEW:

Ha! Am I that unappealing?

NYSSA:

No, no. Not at all. It's just, well, not what I was thinking at all.

MATTHEW:

Then we shall talk of it no-more. Instead, tell me, Miss Nyssa...

FX: DRAWS UP A CHAIR, SITS DOWN.

MATTHEW:

Where are you from?

SCENE 18. INT. PRISON. 19th CENTURY.

FX: LOUD DOOR CLANK AS ADRIC IS THROWN INTO A CELL. HE HITS THE FLOOR (STRAW MATTING).

PRISONER WILDTRACK:

(HAWKING, GRUNTING, SELF-PITYING MOANS AND COUGHING)

ADRIC:

Ow! Honestly. Sentenced to death for consuming carbohydrates. I really don't like this planet.

PRISONER:

You what?

ADRIC:

I said I don't like your planet.

PRISONER:

Eh?

ADRIC:

It's dull. I've really no idea why the Doctor keeps coming to Earth. Maybe he's just going to keep having a go until he gets it right.

PRISONER:

(BAFFLED) Be't so?

ADRIC:

Yes it be so. Earth's really not worth his attention. And it's always so cold.

PRISONER:

(JEERS) Perhaps me'n some of the lads can help you with that..

ADRIC:

(ATTENTION ELSEWHERE) I'm sure fighting with you would help pass the time, but have you seen that? Out there?

PRISONER:

What?

ADRIC:

There's a man across the road. Watching.

PRISONER:

(SHRUGS) So?

ADRIC:

Everyone else here, they rush around, come and go. But not

that man. Also, there's something not right about him. That cloak.

PRISONER:

(DARKLY) P'haps he's one of the Brotherhood. Best pray he's not come for you...

ADRIC:

The Brotherhood?

SCENE 19. INT. VICARAGE PARLOUR. 18th CENTURY.

FX: AS BEFORE, BUT WITH EXCITED SOUNDS OF BOOKS BEING OPENED AND EXAMINED.

NYSSA:

(READING) The Brotherhood of Sabbayoth. Listed as the current owners. Who are they?

MATTHEW:

A few years ago, they'd doubtless have been burnt at the stake. But now we live in enlightened times, it's only mysterious young women we threaten with that.

NYSSA:

(PERSISTING) The Brotherhood?

MATTHEW:

You said "current owners". Current owners of what?

NYSSA:

The vault I said I was in.

MATTHEW:

The one you escaped from on your broomstick.

NYSSA:

You're still having trouble with time travel, aren't you?

MATTHEW:

Absolutely.

NYSSA:

(PORING OVER BOOKS) Well, if we assume that the Doctor was right I've moved a little bit forward in time but not in space, so the vault would theoretically be nearby.

MATTHEW:

I see.

NYSSA:

And these maps of the city

MATTHEW:

Cartographical studies by my predecessor, the Reverend Elias Peascold.

NYSSA:

These maps, combined with this geological survey... (BREAKS OFF TO ADMIRE IT) It's really not a bad piece of work considering this is...

MATTHEW:

This is 1738!

NYSSA:

Exactly. (BACK ON TRACK) Well, it allows me to narrow down soil composition. Now, much of the ground – from here to here, (SHE INDICATES ON THE MAP) is far too boggy for there to be cellars.

MATTHEW:

Your reasoning is sound.

NYSSA:

And this, to the North, is too hard. Which leaves this area here where the ground is relatively soft and also at an incline, which would allow for the building of cellars as part of levelling up. Unless, that is, you build your houses at a slope-

MATTHEW:

No gentleman would contemplate such a crime.

NYSSA:

Well, there we are then. This street here has a lot of houses belonging to merchants, which would make the need for cellars understandable. Most of them are, apparently, still in use, which rules them out.

MATTHEW:

Why?

NYSSA:

Oh, you'd know. Your history books would be overflowing with accounts of an angry young woman discovered in one of the cellars, demanding to be shown to the nearest airport.

MATTHEW:

What's an airport?

NYSSA:

Don't interrupt my flow.

MATTHEW:

I'm terribly sorry.

NYSSA:

That's quite all right. (THEY SMILE AT EACH OTHER)

(THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE FOR THE NEXT SCENE:)

NYSSA:

Basically, by a process of guesswork, triangulation and science, I've scoured the entire city and managed to work out roughly where my friends are. Or were. Or will be. Time travel is so complicated.

MATTHEW:

(CHUCKLES) It sounds it.

NYSSA:

But it seems so easy when you're living it. It just sort of happens to you.

SCENE 20. INT. VICARAGE HALL. 18th CENTURY. (CONT)

FX: THE LAST LINES OF DIALOGUE FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE PLAY OUT AS MRS STUBBS EAVESDROPS AT THE DOOR, WHISPERING, SCANDALISED TO A MAID

MRS STUBBS:

(WHISPERING) You hear them, don't you Nancy – reading together!

NANCY:

(WHISPERING) I do, Mrs Stubbs, I do!

MRS STUBBS:

(WHISPERING) No Jesu-fearing woman reads, not unless she's a proper lady, and that girl – for all her airs and graces – is no lady, mark me.

NANCY:

(WHISPERING) For shame.

MRS STUBBS:

(WHISPERING) I'd best go in and see if they want anything. That little madam is racing through our tea so fast I've barely enough for my own caddy. Now, be off with you, Nancy. We don't want that unnatural girl corrupting you with her wiles.

NANCY:

(WHISPERING) Oh but Mrs Stubbs!

MRS STUBBS:

(WHISPERING) Off with you, I say.

FX. NANCY HURRIES AWAY. MRS STUBBS KNOCKS (CONVERSATION STOPS INSIDE.)

MATTHEW:

(MUFFLED) Enter!

FX: DOOR OPENS

MRS STUBBS:

(SWEETNESS) Begging your pardon reverend, madam. I just wanted to know if you would be after more tea.

MATTHEW:

We're fine, actually, Mrs Stubbs.

NYSSA:

Oh, I wouldn't mind another pot. It stimulates the synapses, as the Doctor puts it. If that's all right, Mrs Stubbs.

MRS STUBBS:

(TINY PAUSE) Of course ma'am. I'll see to it right away.

FX. WE CROSS BACK INSIDE.

SCENE 21. INT. VICARAGE PARLOUR. 18th CENTURY. (CONT)

FX: THE DOOR SHUTS.

MATTHEW:

Confound the woman, and her tea. Where were we, my dear?

NYSSA:

The vaults. The ones that I'm looking for are probably on this street. I'm betting here.

FX. SHE TAPS ON THE MAP.

MATTHEW:

The house of the Brotherhood of Sabbayoth?

NYSSA:

You still haven't told me who they are. Are they a religious order?

MATTHEW:

Yes. A very reclusive and mysterious one.

NYSSA:

Perfect. That'll be them.

MATTHEW:

How can you tell?

NYSSA:

Experience.

MATTHEW:

(SMILES) So we go there and we let your friends out?

NYSSA:

Well, it's not that simple, is it? For one thing the Brotherhood may have some opinions on the matter. And, for another, the Doctor's probably dead by now...

SCENE 22. INT. CATACOMBS. 17th CENTURY.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN WALKING UP AND DOWN.

DOCTOR:

Come on Tegan, keep walking.

TEGAN:

Doctor, please, let me have a rest.

DOCTOR:

No.

TEGAN:

Chickens!

DOCTOR:

I beg your pardon?

TEGAN:

Someone's going to come and let us out. Because of the chickens.

DOCTOR:

Oh – the ones sacrificed in the temple.

TEGAN:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

The temple's been sealed up.

TEGAN:

But what if the alien feels like chicken tonight? Surely whoever worships it will find a way to come down and feed it?

DOCTOR:

Not so simple. The 1600s are a time of pretty strict religious persecution. An alien induction loop is one thing, but self-preservation is another. It's a stronger impulse – the people who worshipped this thing... they sealed these catacombs up in a hurry – that chicken blood was fresh. So either they suddenly decided to worship from a distance or more likely they got caught in the act and had to flee, walling this place up to conceal the evidence. Whatever their reasons, I don't think they're coming back. At least, not in time to save us.

TEGAN:

Can't you say something reassuring?

DOCTOR:

Well, I think we're better off without them.

TEGAN:

Better off, why?

DOCTOR:

Because people who sacrifice chickens to disembodied demons don't usually stop at poultry.

TEGAN:

You mean... human sacrifices?

DOCTOR:

It's been known.

TEGAN:

Well, maybe someone else will find us.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I imagine the alien's retained some worshippers to guard the place and ensure it's not disturbed as it begins to grow itself a corporeal shell. These caretakers will protect the site for as long as the entity wishes them too – months, years, centuries.

TEGAN:

And if someone were to try and bypass these caretakers and get in here?

DOCTOR:

They'd be stopped. Permanently.

SCENE 23. INT. VICARAGE HALL. 18th CENTURY.

FX: EXTERNAL DOOR SLAMS. MATTHEW COMES STORMING IN.

MATTHEW:

(MID RANT) Those damned, infernal brothers!

FX: MRS STUBBS COMES RUSHING UP

MRS STUBBS:

Gracious sir – you're soaked. Let me take your coat.

FX: AS SHE FUSSES OVER HIM, A DOOR OPENS, NYSSA COMES OUT

NYSSA:

Matthew! What's happened?

MRS STUBBS:

He's caught his death on one of your fool's errands, Miss.

NYSSA:

I beg your pardon?

MRS STUBBS:

You heard. (TO MATTHEW) I'll go and hang these things in the scullery and fetch the footbath. Shirt too, sir.

MATTHEW:

(EMBARASSED) But, er.

MRS STUBBS:

Nor argument, if you please sir. Give it here.

FX: MATTHEW TAKES OFF HIS SHIRT.

NYSSA:

Anything I can do?

MRS STUBBS:

You've done quite enough already.

FX. MRS STUBBS TAKES THE SHIRT AND HURRIES OUT ON HER LINE.

MRS STUBBS:

(DEPARTING) Get the master into the parlour and in front of that fire. You'll find some blankets in the chest by the window.

SCENE 24. INT. VICARAGE PARLOUR. 18th CENTURY.

FX: NYSSA OPENS THE DOOR AND SETTLES MATTHEW DOWN IN FRONT OF THE FIRE.

MATTHEW:
Damn them!

NYSSA:
Sit down, please. No, the chair by the fire. You're flushed and trembling.

FX. NYSSA FETCHES A BLANKET FROM THE CHEST BY THE WINDOW.

MATTHEW:
Oh, it's mostly fury. I've not felt this aggrieved since I was a toddler.

NYSSA:
Put this blanket round you. I don't want you to catch cold.

FX: DRAPES BLANKET.

MATTHEW:
(SLIGHT FLIRT) Does my nakedness offend you that much?

NYSSA:
(NOT NOTICING) Not at all. Now, tell me what happened?

MATTHEW:
Well, it was those friars. I went to see your mysterious Brotherhood of Sabbayoth. I knocked. The servant was terribly courteous and asked me politely to wait while they fetched someone. I stood on the doorstep and waited. It started to rain. I waited. I rang the bell. No-one answered. I waited.

NYSSA:
And did they come for you?

MATTHEW:
What does it look like? I stood out there three hours. In the end I sang hymns to keep myself sane, until some children threw eggs at me.

NYSSA:
I wondered what had happened to your hair.

THE FOLLOWING LINES HAVE A HINT OF FLIRTING ABOUT THEM.

MATTHEW:
(SMILING) Don't tell me you don't like it.

NYSSA:

(SMILING BACK) If anyone can carry it off, it's you.

FX: AND THEN THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN AND MRS STUBBS STOMPS IN, AND SLAMS DOWN A TIN FOOT BATH.

MRS STUBBS:

Excuse me for interrupting I'm sure, but here's a tub of hot water for your feet, more blankets, and I'll just go and get you a posset of senna and liquorice bark to flush out the chills.

MATTHEW:

You're a god-send.

NYSSA:

Actually, crushed garlic cloves and lemon juice would be more effective.

MRS STUBBS:

I'm sure it will, miss, much more than something that's worked in my family for generations. I'll get onto it right away.

FX: MARCHES OUT. SLAMS DOOR.

SCENE 25. INT. VICARAGE HALL. 18th CENTURY. (CONT)

FX: AS SHE SLAMS THE DOOR, WE HEAR MUFFLED LAUGHTER FROM THE OTHER SIDE. SHE MARCHES OFF ALONG THE TILES TO THE KITCHENS.

NYSSA & MATTHEW:

(SNIGGERING AND CONCEALED LAUGHTER)

MRS STUBBS:

Insulted in my own house by that... that... I shan't say the world, Lord help me I shan't.

FX. A NOISE AT THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR — A DOOR OPENING. MRS STUBBS STRIDES TOWARDS IT.

MRS STUBBS:

Oh, Nancy, there you are — we need yet more hot water.

NANCY:

Yes, Mrs Stubbs.

MRS STUBBS:

(STOPPING IN FRONT OF NANCY) The Reverend at death's door and that saucy madam is lecturing me about herbal remedies like she's some sort of witch.

NANCY:

(GASPS) A witch?

MRS STUBBS:

Wouldn't surprise me. There's a funny look in her eye, isn't there? And her manner. Oh, there's something peculiar about her, you mark my words.

NANCY:

(THRILLED) Is Reverend falling in love with a witch?

MRS STUBBS:

(SCOFFING) 'Falling in love'? Bewitched more like. Bewitched. It'd be a crying shame. I've worked this vicarage since I was a girl, but if those two cry the bans, I will hand in my notice.

NANCY:

Oh no!

MRS STUBBS:

You try and stop me. I won't see that good man go to Satan.

FX: BACK DOOR BELL TINKLES.

MRS STUBBS:

Oh, there's the butcher's boy. You deal with him, and I'll go find a lemon with some life in it.

FX: HURRIES AWAY. NANCY OPENS THE BACK DOOR.

BUTCHER'S BOY:

(ONE LINE FLIRT) 'Noon, Nancy.

NANCY:

Oh, Joe! Oh Joe! (SCANDALISED) Have you heard? Mrs Stubbs reckons the Reverend's been bewitched!

SCENE 26. INT. VICARAGE PARLOUR. 18th CENTURY.

FX: NYSSA MOVES THE MAP OF THE CITY.

NYSSA:

But there has to be a way into the Vault.

MATTHEW:

You never give up, do you?

NYSSA:

No.

BEAT.

MATTHEW:

Nyssa, you're magnificent.

NYSSA:

Am I?

MATTHEW:

Yes.

FX. MATTHEW KISSES HER.

NYSSA:

(ALARM) Ohhhh! Matthew, no, please.

MATTHEW:

Nyssa – I have feelings for you. Surely you can see that?

NYSSA:

But it's completely impractical. I'm only going to be here a few days, until my friends come for me.

MATTHEW:

I'm sorry?

NYSSA:

The Doctor will come. He always does.

MATTHEW:

(GENTLE) Nyssa, he won't.

NYSSA:

Don't you believe me?

MATTHEW:

Of course I do! Would I have caught a cold if I didn't? You're a remarkable girl, with a remarkable life. But – your friends – I'm sorry. They're dead.

NYSSA:

I can't accept that.

MATTHEW:

Would it be that bad? The stories you've told me. Your father - the giant frog, for goodness' sake. Stay with me - I can offer you a life of quiet contentment. And no toads.

NYSSA:

Matthew...

MATTHEW:

And I love you. Surely that's worth it?

NYSSA:

(HESITANT) It just wouldn't be practical.

MATTHEW:

So you keep saying.

FX: HE STANDS, AND MAKES HIS WAY TO THE DOOR.

MATTHEW:

I must find some dry clothes. And then, if you'll forgive me, I have a sermon to prepare.

NYSSA:

(TOO LATE) Matthew - I'm very grateful for everything that [you've done]

MATTHEW:

(AS IF SHE'S SAID 'BUT YOU'RE SWEET') Grateful? Ha!

FX: HE SLAMS A DOOR.

NYSSA:

(SOFT SIGH) Oh, Nyssa.

SCENE 27. EXT. GALLOWGATE. 19th CENTURY.

FX: BUSY CROWD. SOUND OF SHUFFLING CHAINS.

CROWD:

(HUBBUB AND JEERING)

JAILER:

Prisoners, keep in line! Stop shoving! Don't worry – we have plenty of nooses for everyone!

REPORTER:

Mr Jailer, sir. His Majesty's Press. A moment of your time. We've a widow here. (CORRECTS HIMSELF) Forgive me, a soon-to-be-widow. Can you bring her husband over here? I'm writing this up for the City Chronicle, and heartbreaking farewells go down so well.

JAILER:

What's his name?

REPORTER:

Humphrey Moore!

JAILER:

Moore? Moore? Sorry. Can't help you. He died of ague in the cells last night.

WIDOW:

(BURSTS INTO TEARS AND WAILING)

FX: SHE RUNS OFF IN MISERY, THE CONVICTS SHUFFLE ON.

REPORTER:

(IGNORING THE WIDOW. SIGHS) Typical.

ADRIC:

Excuse me? Excuse me – are you an authority figure?

REPORTER:

(PROUD) Indeed I am! I'm a journalist.

ADRIC:

Oh. I suppose you'll have to do. Look, it's very important. Can you tell the Doctor I'm here? My name's Adric.

REPORTER:

I don't understand, boy.

ADRIC:

The Doctor is the reason I'm here. I'm kind of hoping he'll show up.

FX. THE REPORTER EXCITEDLY GETS OUT HIS PAD AND PENCIL.

REPORTER:

Who is this Doctor? Your thiefmaster?

FX. HE STARTS WRITING.

REPORTER:

"Boy led astray into life of vile iniquity."

ADRIC:

Pardon?

REPORTER:

"'He's the reason I stole!' says boy of his master, The Doctor..."

ADRIC:

No. I was hungry. But yes, the Doctor's very important to me.

REPORTER:

I'll be sure to say so in my article. Well, those nooses are looking all ready. Good luck, lad.

JAILER:

Come on-

FX: ADRIC IS DRAGGED AWAY.

ADRIC:

(SHOUTING) Listen to me - tell the Doctor Adric was here!

FX: THE JEERING CROWD FALLS SILENT. SOMETHING IS MOVING AMONG THEM. A SINISTER, WHISPERING SOUND.

CROWD:

(ALARM)

REPORTER:

Ho Ho! Things are picking up!

CROWD:

(MUTTERING AND FEAR) It's the Brotherhood! The Brotherhood! They're demons! Run away! Run away!

REPORTER:

Well, well. The Brotherhood of Sabbayoth, always good for a juicy paragraph.

ADRIC:

(SHOUTING) Stop! All of you! Stop! There's no need to panic. They're just men in cloaks.

CROWD:

(FALLS SILENT)

REPORTER:

(TO HIMSELF) But what are they doing here? They keep themselves to themselves. (ALOUD) Come to feast on the damned, eh?

CROWD:

(MUTTERING, A FRESH WAVE OF PANIC.)

ADRIC:

Don't be silly. They're just standing there. Watching. That's all.

JAILER:

But why, lad?

ADRIC:

Have you thought of asking them? (SHOUTING) You, Brotherhood! Speak to me!

JAILER:

Don't do it – they'll kill you!

ADRIC:

They'll save you the bother. (TO BROTHERS) Listen – You're not interested in these people are you?

BROTHER:

No.

CROWD:

(RELIEVED MUTTERING)

ADRIC:

You're here for me, aren't you?

BROTHER:

We are.

CROWD:

(GASPS)

REPORTER:

"Extraordinary scenes at scaffold as Brotherhood of Sabbayoth intervene. Do they worship the Boy Thief? Or is he a demon worshipper and these are his imps?"

ADRIC:

Don't be silly. You're just curious, aren't you?

BROTHER:

We would watch. We would feed.

ADRIC:

Of course you would. You can sense the energy on me can't you? Because I've travelled in time.

BROTHER:

It draws us.

REPORTER:

"Boy Thief speaks in code to Brotherhood..."

JAILER:

Code? It's a spell, I tell you!

ADRIC:

So you came to sniff me out, did you?

BROTHER:

Your death shall feed Sabbayoth.

ADRIC:

All right. But leave everyone else here alone. They're good people, if a bit touchy about bread.

BROTHER:

Agreed.

ADRIC:

There we are then. (TO JAILER) That's that taken care of. Shall we go, Jailer?

JAILER:

But — what have you done? You've... you've sold them your soul!

REPORTER:

"Young convict who talks down the spirits of hell..."

ADRIC:

Be sure to mention my name, would you? Adric. A-D-R...

FX: HE IS YANKED AWAY

JAILER:

I think we've had enough out of you, young sir. The sooner this is over the better! The noose is an impatient mistress.

FX: AND ADRIC IS MARCHED OFF TO THE NOOSE.

SCENE 28. EXT. CHURCHYARD. 18th CENTURY.

FX: DISTANT CROW CALLS. A FUNERAL CHURCH BELL PEALING.
MATTHEW AND NYSSA ARE HURRYING ALONG.

NYSSA:

You don't mind me coming with you to church?

MATTHEW:

Of course not.

NYSSA:

Only, you spent so much time yesterday working on your speech,
I would like to hear it.

MATTHEW:

Speech? Sermon.

NYSSA:

Of course. I apologise. Is this dress appropriate?

MATTHEW:

It's fine.

NYSSA:

I'm sorry it took me so long to get it fitted. I've never worn
anything like it before.

MATTHEW:

Just keep up the pace. It doesn't do for a vicar to be late
for his own service.

NYSSA:

Sorry, again.

CROWD:

(ANTICIPATORY MURMURING "Here they come!" "Look at her!")

MATTHEW:

What's up with them all – waiting for me outside the church?

NYSSA:

Perhaps it's locked.

MATTHEW:

No. (TO FARMER GILES) Giles! What's the meaning of this?

GILES:

It's the woman, Reverend.

CROWD:
(AGREEMENT)

MRS STUBBS:
Woman? Ha! She knows what she is.

NYSSA:
Mrs Stubbs! I have no idea what you're talking about.

MATTHEW:
(HISSING) Nyssa, quiet.

NYSSA:
No. I won't be quiet. What is going on here?

GILES:
We're barring the Reverend from his church. Until he recants.

MATTHEW:
I beg your pardon?

GILES:
Reverend, sir, you've come under the influence of this – woman.

MRS STUBBS:
Say it man! She's a witch!

CROWD:
(RUSTIC AGREEMENT)

GILES:
And sir, unless you release yourself from this... creature, we'll have none of you in our church.

CROWD:
(RUSTIC AGREEMENT)

MATTHEW:
This is preposterous. All of you – this is monstrous. This is no creature, no witch – this is a girl. I took her in, as our Saviour would, because she was friendless and in need of charity. That is all-

MRS STUBBS:
(OVER) I've had enough of this. (SHOUTING) She's a witch! A witch!

CROWD:
Witch! Witch! Witch!

NYSSA:

I'm not! I'm not!

CROWD:

(HUBBUB AND JEERING)

GILES:

Denounce the witch! We beseech you! We're praying for you, Reverend.

MATTHEW:

How can you be so simple-minded, so narrow, so cruel.

CROWD:

Witch... witch... witch... witch!

NYSSA:

Stop this!

MRS STUBBS:

Vile creature – release the reverend from your talons. If there's any human decency left in you, release this man. He is a good man.

CROWD:

Aye, aye, aye!

NYSSA:

Matthew, let's go! They're hysterical.

MATTHEW:

(GIVES A LONG ANGUISHED CRY, THEN) No. No. Get thee behind me, Satan.

CROWD:

(APPROVING GASPS.)

MATTHEW:

(WHEELS AROUND, FURY) You – girl. You're what they all said you are. I see that now. Winding yourself into my mind, sinking your claws into my soul. Well, you shan't have it. You shan't. (TO CROWD) All of you – I am thrown before you humbled. I am ashamed, and you have brought me to the light. The flock have led the shepherd out of the woods.

CROWD:

(MURMURING, SCATTERED APPLAUSE).

MATTHEW:

This creature is what you say she is – do with her what you will.

CROWD :

(JUBILANT CRIES)

NYSSA :

(UP CLOSE, SOFT) Matthew, is this all because I said no?

SCENE 29. EXT. DUCKPOND. 18th CENTURY.

FX: STRAPS BEING TIED — TIGHTLY.

CROWD:
(HUBBUB AND JEERING)

NYSSA:
Ow!

GILES:
Got to make sure them straps is tight. Don't want you swimming to safety do we?

NYSSA:
So what exactly does Trial By Water involve?

GILES:
We put you to the water. If you drown, then you're not a witch. If you survive, you're a witch and we burn you.

NYSSA:
What happens if I confess?

GILES:
We burn you.

NYSSA:
There's not really much in this for me. (WEARY BREATH) Shall we get on with it?

CROWD:
(CONSTERNATION. "She be a saucy one!", "Oooh, she speaks with Satan's tongue" etc.)

GILES:
(CALLS OUT) Raise the ducking stool!

FX: A STRANGE HISSING, WHISPERING SOUND

BROTHERS:
(HISSING) Sabbayoth! Feed! Feed! Sabbayoth!

CROWD:
"It be the Brotherhood!" "Come to rescue one of their own!" "I knew it!" Etc.

NYSSA:
Is that the Brotherhood of Sabbayoth? Oh, I've been trying to speak to them. Could one of them come over here?

GILES:

Don't let her – they'll rescue her straight to hell. Lower the ducking stool. Now!

FX: NYSSA IS PLUNGED INTO THE WATER. BUBBLING SILENCE. SHE IS BROUGHT UP, GASPING, TO JEERS FROM THE CROWD.

NYSSA:

(GASPS, SPLUTTERING)

CROWD:

(JEERING)

GILES:

Cold, missy? It'll be warm enough for you where you're going!

CROWD:

(LAUGHTER)

NYSSA:

Matthew! Please! Stop this! Please!

MRS STUBBS:

Vicar won't save you now. He's free of you. Dunk her again!

FX: AND, WITH JEERS, SHE IS PLUNGED UNDER WATER AGAIN.

CROWD:

(HUBBUB AND JEERING)

NYSSA:

(FIGHTING FOR BREATH)

WE SEGUE THROUGH THE WATER, AND NYSSA FIGHTING FOR BREATH TO...

SCENE 30. EXT. GALLOWGATE. 19th CENTURY.

FX: DISTANT CROWD, MORE OF A SENSE OF URBAN ATMOSPHERE. A NOOSE BEING FITTED ROUND ADRIC'S THROAT.

CROWD:
(ANTICIPATION)

JAILER:
There she goes. Nice and tight. Any last words, young sir before you drop through the trap door?

ADRIC:
Yes. Can we wait a few more minutes? The Doctor specialises in last-minute rescues.

JAILER:
We've wasted enough time as it is (SHOUTING TO SOMEONE) Right, this one's ready. Let her go.

ADRIC:
No! Please, nooo!

FX: CLUNK, THUNK! A TRAPDOOR IS PULLED AND ADRIC FALLS THROUGH.

CROWD:
(JUBILANT ROAR)

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

END OF EPISODE TWO.

EPISODE THREE

MUSIC: OPENING THEME.

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 31. EXT. GALLOWGATE. 21st CENTURY.

FX: MODERN TRAFFIC NOISE.

LEANNE:

(IN GUIDE MODE) In those times, journalists would write up hangings for the local newspapers. I know, ladies and gentlemen, quite different from lost dogs and scout huts.

CROWD

(POLITE LAUGHTER)

LEANNE:

But the journalist here that day in 1804 got quite the story – of a condemned boy who frightened away the ghosts who came to watch him die. The oddest thing about it – the boy's name. Would anyone care to guess it?

CROWD

(“I DUNNO” MUTTERING)

LEANNE:

The boy who frightened ghosts was called Derek.

CROWD

(POLITE LAUGHTER)

DOCTOR: (F.)

Hang on.

LEANNE:

(LOUD) The journalist's account of the events of that day is remarkable – I've a photocopy here.

FX: HOLDS UP A PHOTOCOPY

DOCTOR: (F.)

Let me see that.

LEANNE:

(OVER HIM) You're welcome to have a look, ladies and gentlemen.

DOCTOR: (F.)

I'm trying to read it. Would you mind not waving it about so much?

LEANNE:

(HISS, OVER) Yes I would. (SMILES) It's a remarkable story – of ghosts and a strange order of monks. It's quite Dan Brown. But the writer believed it. His editor believed it enough to publish it.

DOCTOR: (F.)

I'm sorry, but your thumb is over the end of it.

CROWD

(SLIGHTLY DISCONCERTED NOISE UNDER THE FOLLOWING SPEECH)

LEANNE:

(HISS) Not now. (CLEARS THROAT) And, unless you want to look at the post where they pulled out people's tongues, that's all for this afternoon's free walking tour. But, if you come back in half an hour, we've our evening tour – around the Catacombs of Death.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Is that really what they're called?

LEANNE:

(HISS) Shut up! (BRIGHTLY) Ladies and gentlemen, please join us.

FX: SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE. CAMERA CLICK OF SMART PHONES.

LOUIE:

(DISTANT BELLOW) Why wait till this evening ladies and gentlemen? When I, Magister Louix, can immediately offer you a candlelit tour of the graves beneath the cathedral? My ghosts are, I assure you, very splendid, utterly real, and guaranteed heartstopping. My tour leaves immediately – why not tag along? Tag along. Come! That's right, follow the cape everyone, follow the cape!

FX: AND WITH A LOT OF TWIRLING, LOUIE LEAVES, TAKING LEANNE'S CLIENTS WITH HIM.

LEANNE:

Damn him. He's stolen all my clients. That's my evening's earnings gone.

DOCTOR: (F.)

I'm sorry.

LEANNE:

I mean, honestly, how does anyone take him seriously? All dressed in black with a pointy beard? Who buys that stuff?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Hmmm.

LEANNE:

Anyway, I'm not speaking to you.

DOCTOR: (F.)

But you are.

LEANNE:

You're ruining my business.

DOCTOR: (F.)

But I would have thought having a ghost on a ghost tour would have been an advantage.

LEANNE:

You're not a ghost – you're a hallucination, or an inner ear infection or hypnosis.

DOCTOR: (F.)

You lead ghost walks for a living and you don't believe in ghosts?

LEANNE:

Do you?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Well, no.

LEANNE:

And you're a ghost!

DOCTOR: (F.)

I admit it's taking self-doubt to extremes. Look, I'm the Doctor. And I'm hoping you can help me.

LEANNE:

Why on earth should I help you? You're putting me out of business. My takings are right down – look at this place. The square is empty. Normally you can rely on at least three bewildered but tractable tourists. Nothing. Word's got around. They tend not to pay money to people who talk to themselves.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Pity. That's normally when I do my best thinking. Can't you pretend to be talking to something? Have you a mobile phone or robot dog? I find they help.

LEANNE:

(LONG SIGH) Right then. I'm setting off. Maybe I'll pick up some punters along the way.

FX: WALKS OFF.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

SCENE 32. EXT. HARROWS ROW. 21st CENTURY.

FX: MODERN TRAFFIC NOISE. NEARBY PUB. LEANNE IS GIVING HER SPIEL IN THE HOPE OF PICKING UP CUSTOM. NO ONE'S BITING.

LEANNE:

And here we are on Harrows Row. This house is remarkable because it has two fronts. We'll see the other side of it at the end of the tour, down the hill. This house has had many uses over the years, and was long abandoned. Eventually it was split up into flats. It was when that happened that all the new tenants started to report seeing – unexplained phenomena.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Ghosts?

LEANNE:

(MUCH LESS PUBLIC) Mysterious cloaked figures. Apparitions. Lost postmen. Do you care?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Well, yes.

LEANNE:

Why are you in my head?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Are you on medication?

LEANNE:

Wait. The voice in my head is questioning my sanity?

DOCTOR: (F.)

It's a serious question, are you on medication?

LEANNE:

Well, no. I've just stopped taking beta-blockers.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Adrenergic inhibitors? Curious. Why?

LEANNE:

I was having driving lessons. They stopped me shaking during three point turns.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Interesting. So I could have been in your head for a while and you're only now beginning to notice me. (THOUGHT STRIKES) Did you pass?

LEANNE:

What? Yes. Fifth time. The examiner gave me a hug and a wagon wheel.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Congratulations. Can we go inside?

LEANNE:

What? Oh, the flats. No. The owners don't even like us hanging around in the streets outside. Says it scares the tenants. So we stand outside making up stories about headless nuns and dead babies.

DOCTOR: (F.)

I'd like a look inside.

LEANNE:

Can't you float through the door?

DOCTOR: (F.)

I'm not that sort of ghost. I'm more of a... well, a presence in your mind. I suppose. Look, I've never been a ghost before.

LEANNE:

Right.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Can't you knock on the door?

LEANNE:

I've said no. Anyway, we can look in the other side – it's the end of the tour, where the catacombs are.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Catacombs. Interesting.

LEANNE:

You keep saying "Fascinating" this and "Interesting" that.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Do I?

LEANNE:

You're trying to make it sound like you've got a clever theory and really you're baffled.

PAUSE

LEANNE:

Aren't you?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Baffled is a little harsh. (THINKS) Now, you run a tour of the most haunted places in the city. Maybe I'm not the only ghost. Maybe there's another connection. Everything here must be somehow linked. Ah well. It'll come to me. Where next?

LEANNE:

We call it The Lake Of The Haunted Witch.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Sounds delightful.

FX: LEANNE HEADS OFF. AS THEY FADE AWAY:

LEANNE: (HEADING OFF)

So, what happened to you – you know, down in the Catacombs?

DOCTOR: (F. HEADING OFF)

How did I die? Well it's rather interest– (STOPS HIMSELF)
peculiar.

SCENE 33. INT. CATACOMBS. 17th CENTURY.

FX: ECHOES AND STONE. DRIPS OF CONDENSATION. THE DOCTOR WALKING IN.

TEGAN:

(STIRRING) Doctor...? Where have you been?

DOCTOR:

Tegan! How are you feeling?

TEGAN:

Pretty weak. Like I've got the flu.

DOCTOR:

Nasty. I tried getting a cold once. Just to see what the fuss was about.

TEGAN:

(CUT THE CRAP) Did you have any luck with the entrance?

DOCTOR:

Not as such, no. The whole top of the staircase has been filled in. Lots of bricks and very little mortar to chip away at. Our best bet is an earthquake.

TEGAN:

Won't it just fall on top of us?

DOCTOR:

I said it was our best bet. Not that it was a good one.

TEGAN:

There's got to be a way out of here. What about the water that's dripping everywhere? Pipework? Drains? Sewers?

DOCTOR:

The water's just seeping from the streets I'm afraid. I'd imagine we're beneath the layer cake of roadlaying geology. This water's probably gone through cobbles, ash, gravel, slabs, perhaps even a Roman Road. Each layer a tribute to the people who made it.

TEGAN:

If only one of them had left a pickaxe lying around...

DOCTOR:

I'm going to go have another look. Maybe there's something in one of the vaults. (PAUSE, SERIOUS) If there's anything you need... you will shout, won't you?

TEGAN:

Have you met me?

DOCTOR:

Quite.

FX: HE WALKS AWAY. BEAT.

TEGAN:

Hey, Doctor! I've just thought of something! Doctor? (TO HERSELF) Unbelievable! (GETS UP, IT IS SLOW AND PAINFUL) There'll be a pickaxe in the TARDIS. Won't there? Of course there will be. Ah well. (WALKS TOWARDS THE SHIP WITH EFFORT) If you need a job doing properly, get an air stewardess to do it.

SCENE 34. INT. TARDIS. 17th CENTURY.

FX: A REALLY DEAD ECHO. THE MAIN DOORS CREAK OPEN. TEGAN WALKS INTO THE CONSOLE ROOM.

TEGAN:

Emergency exits are located here and here. Oxygen masks will descend from the ceiling, and, if you require a pickaxe, just press the call button and we will be only too happy to find your nearest one for you. (SHE STOPS AND SHIVERS) It's so cold in here. And dark. (SHE FLICKS SOME SWITCHES ON THE CONSOLE) Dead as a doornail. Poor old console.

FX: TEGAN ROSSES THE ROOM. OPENS THE INNER DOOR. WALKS INTO THE CORRIDOR. SHAKES HER TORCH.

TEGAN:

The storeroom should be along here. Rabbits. This torch is going. Maybe I'll find some batteries next to the pickaxe.

FX: TEGAN WALKS ON. OPENS A DOOR.

TEGAN:

The storeroom! Right first time. Gosh, I'm good.

FX: A SOFT BREATH.

TEGAN:

Hello?

FX: A BREATH JUST BEHIND HER.

TEGAN:

Is someone there?

SABBAYOTH:

(SOFT, LOW) Is someone there?

TEGAN:

Who are you?

SABBAYOTH:

Who are you?

TEGAN:

(TO HERSELF) Pull yourself together woman. Don't be frightened.

SABBAYOTH:

Be frightened!

TEGAN:

(SHAKEN) Ohhhkay.

FX. SHE BEGINS BACKING AWAY.

TEGAN:

I'm going to go outside and get the Doctor. He'll know what to do.

FX. OPENS DOOR TO CONSOLE ROOM.

TEGAN:

See? Here we are back in the console room. I'll just go through the main doors and fetch the Doc[tor]—

FX. THE DOORS SLAM SHUT.

TEGAN:

(SHOUTING AS THE DOORS SHUT) Doctor! Doctor!

SABBAYOTH:

Doctor! Doctor!

SCENE 35. INT. CATACOMBS. 17th CENTURY. (CONT.)

FX. THE DOCTOR IS WALKING ALONG WHEN HE HEARS TEGAN'S DISTANT SHOUT FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE CUT OFF BY THE TARDIS DOORS SLAMMING SHUT.

DOCTOR:

Tegan!

FX. HE RUNS.

DOCTOR:

Tegan, I'm coming! (IRRITATED) The TARDIS. What is she doing in there?

FX. STOPS RUNNING. HE RATTLES THE TARDIS DOOR. IT DOESN'T OPEN.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) It's locked.

FX. TRIES KEY IN LOCK.

DOCTOR:

My key's not working.

FX. HE RATTLES IT SOME MORE.

DOCTOR:

(PANICKED, SHOUTING) Tegan, stay calm - I'm coming. (TO HIMSELF) Somehow.

SCENE 36. INT. TARDIS. 17th CENTURY

FX: DISTANT, WE CAN HEAR THE DOCTOR RATTLING THE DOOR. BUT OUR FOCUS IS ON TEGAN AND WHAT IS WITH HER.

NB: SABBAYOTH IS FLAT. IT IS NOT A GLOATING SUPERVILLAIN.

TEGAN:

You're the creature – the alien that's down here?

SABBAYOTH:

Yes. I'm the creature – the alien that's down here.

TEGAN:

But how can you speak? The Doctor said you were too alien to be chatty.

SABBAYOTH:

I can speak to you because of this machine. It contains systems which translate. I consumed them, so they are part of me.

TEGAN:

Okay.

SABBAYOTH:

Even though this machine is dead, it is strong. Capable of so much.

TEGAN:

But what about you? What do you want?

SABBAYOTH:

To be reborn. I have travelled far, been asleep so long.

TEGAN:

And, when you are "reborn". What will you be like?

SABBAYOTH:

Hungry. I shall walk this world and I shall devour it.

TEGAN:

Great.

SABBAYOTH:

Yes. I shall be great. (PAUSE) Would you like to see?

TEGAN:

See what?

SABBAYOTH:

Your own time. I can sense your loss. When are you from?

TEGAN:

(SHRUGS) I'm from 1980. More or less.

SABBAYOTH:

A good time. Shortly before I return. I shall prove it to you.

TEGAN:

Go on.

SABBAYOTH:

(SMILES) This machine needs a little power to send you there. I shall take your strength, and use it for that.

FX. AS TEGAN GASPS, THE TARDIS GROANS.

TEGAN:

(GASPS) What – are – you – doing – to – me?

SABBAYOTH:

Sending your spirit ahead to your own time. You shall be my anchor.

TEGAN:

What? What are you doing? No!

FX: HER SCREAM IS LOST IN THE LOUD CHURNING OF THE SHIP'S ENGINES.

SCENE 37. INT. HOUSE. 20th CENTURY

FX: MUTTERING VOICES, CALLING OUT. NONE OF THIS SHOULD BE CLEAR JUST VOICES TAKEN FROM ELSEWHERE IN THE RECORDING, DISTORTED, ECHOED AND TURNED INTO A CHAOTIC SOUNDSCAPE. THIS IS THE FLIPSIDE TO SCENE 47. SO TAKE FATHER ANGELO'S SHOUTS FROM THERE AS A HANDFUL OF SOUNDS WE DO GET A HINT OF. EG:

FR. ANGELO:

Begone. Spirit. Begone.

FR. ANGELO:

Spirit. Leave. This. Body.

FR. ANGELO:

Begone! I cast you out!

JUST ENOUGH THAT, WHEN PEOPLE DO GET THERE (OR ON A SECOND LISTEN) IT MATCHES UP.

OVER THE TOP, TEGAN'S WORDS WHICH ALSO ECHO, SO WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE IN WHICH ORDER SHE SAYS THEM...

TEGAN:

(AGONY) Listen to me. Please! It's tearing me apart. You've got to listen. Sabbayoth is coming. Sabbayoth. Listen to me – you've got to be ready. It waits underneath. You've got to stop it. Find the Doctor. He'll know what to do. No. Listen to me. You don't understand. (SHOUTING) My name's Tegan Jovanka!

FX: THE SOUNDS CRESCENDO THEN SUDDENLY STOP.

SCENE 38. INT. TARDIS. 17th CENTURY

FX: THE DOORS SAG WEARILY OPEN, AND THE DOCTOR RUNS IN.

DOCTOR:

Tegan! Tegan! (SKIDS TO A HALT, FINDING HER ON THE FLOOR)
Tegan!

SABBAYOTH:

Doctor.

DOCTOR:

What have you done to her?

SABBAYOTH:

I did what you could not. She wanted to get back to her own time. I sent her.

DOCTOR:

But – look at her. (TAPPING HER FACE) Come on, Tegan, come on. Wake up. Stay with me.

TEGAN:

(LOW GROAN)

SABBAYOTH:

These creatures. They have so little energy.

DOCTOR:

What are you? How could you do this to her?

SABBAYOTH:

It is what I do. There is so little of her left. But you...

DOCTOR:

(GASP OF PAIN)

SABBAYOTH:

There is more to feed on in you.

SCENE 39. INT. CATACOMB ENTRANCE. 21st CENTURY

FX: DISTANT SOUND OF TRAFFIC. LEANNE IS UNDOING THE PADLOCK.

LEANNE:

Doctor, sure you want to go back down the Catacombs?
Considering you died in them?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Returning to the scene of the crime always provides a certain clarity.

LEANNE:

Doesn't it creep you out? (PAUSE) I've never been down here alone before.

FX: SHE STARTS DOWN THE STEPS.

DOCTOR: (F.)

I've spent all too much time on my own down here.

LEANNE:

How much do you remember?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Not enough to be of any practical help.

LEANNE:

Has your spirit really been – I dunno – floating around here for centuries, haunting other people?

DOCTOR: (F.)

That would be interesting, wouldn't it? Not sure.

FX: SHE IS NOW WALKING THE CORRIDORS OF THE VAULTS.

LEANNE:

Surely they'd have found your body when they first cleared the catacombs out, got them ready for tourists?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Corpses lying around could lead to negative reviews. Ah, here we are. Would you mind terribly tapping that wall?

LEANNE:

This one?

FX: HER HAND BRUSHES ACROSS A WALL.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Yes. But tap it. Go on.

FX: LEANNE TAPPING THE WALL. IT IS SOLID. IT IS SOLID. IT IS HOLLOW.

LEANNE:

It's — hollow — here.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Yes. Thought so. If you look at the brickwork, it's cruder. Look up — around there? See? This was an archway.

LEANNE:

There's a chamber bricked up behind this wall?

DOCTOR: (F.)

It's my tomb.

LEANNE:

What?

DOCTOR: (F.)

You were asking about my body. I was just trying to be helpful.

LEANNE:

Okay. This fire extinguisher should do it.

FX: SHE GRABS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER OFF A WALL RACK AND POUNDS IT — WHACK! — AGAINST THE WALL.

DOCTOR: (F.)

No! No! No! Stop!

LEANNE:

What? I'm uncovering your body. Isn't that what you want?

DOCTOR: (F.)

No. I'm sorry, but this is where it becomes complicated. Now. I'm currently dead, yes?

LEANNE:

Yes.

DOCTOR: (F.)

And yet you can hear my voice as though I'm still alive. And neither of us believes in ghosts. So, if I'm not a ghost, I must still be alive.

LEANNE:

(UNCERTAIN) I suppose so.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Perhaps I've found a way out of my tomb. Perhaps not. But

maybe there's just enough doubt at a quantum level for me to still be able to talk to you.

LEANNE:

I'm not sure I get this-

DOCTOR: (F.)

I'm Schrodinger's Ghost. Currently it's possible that I'm dead AND alive. Break down that wall and there's only one possibility. And, if as I very much suspect, it's that I'm dead, then I'm afraid that'll be the last of me.

LEANNE:

No more voice in my head?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Probably not. And no chance of me sorting this out. My death will be fixed.

SCENE 40. INT. CATACOMBS. 17th CENTURY

FX: TEGAN IS SWIMMING BACK INTO WAKEFULNESS.

TEGAN:

(WEAK) Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

Tegan, thank heavens.

TEGAN:

The TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

I've got you out of there, away from that creature.

TEGAN:

I could feel it - hungry.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

TEGAN:

When it finally comes back - it'll devour the Earth. It sent me there - to the future - I tried to warn them. I failed. I think.

DOCTOR:

What did you tell them?

TEGAN:

I'm not sure. So tired.

DOCTOR:

You'll get your strength back.

TEGAN:

No. I won't. I could feel it feeding on me. That creature - what is it?

DOCTOR:

There are distant galaxies - far out in space and time. Whole sectors of space that are dark. No suns, no life, no energy. Drained. Like they were born and died unimaginable aeons ago. Only there hasn't been enough time for that to happen...

TEGAN:

Sabbayoth...?

DOCTOR:

Maybe. Imagine a creature that turns a whole cosmos dark, and then leaps on to the next. It'll arrive exhausted. It'll take time to regrow. But it will.

TEGAN:

Just like a really slow game of hopscotch.

DOCTOR:

Clearly I've been getting the rules wrong.

TEGAN:

(LAUGHS, PAINFUL) Yes. (SIGHS) The future - I tried to tell them to find you.

DOCTOR:

That's very kind. But I might not be around by then.

TEGAN:

Aren't you like 8,000 years old?

DOCTOR:

Not quite.

TEGAN:

You'll get out, Doc. You always do.

DOCTOR:

I don't know, Tegan. I'm not feeling too clever myself.

TEGAN:

You're starting to look your age.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so.

TEGAN:

About time too! Cheer up, Doc. Promise me you'll get out.

DOCTOR:

I'll try.

TEGAN:

Thanks. (SIGHS) I'm so tired.

DOCTOR:

No, Tegan. Stay awake. You've got to.

TEGAN:

Dog-tired.

DOCTOR:

Don't go, Tegan. Please. You're rather fun to have around.

TEGAN:

So are you, Doctor. (SMILES) So are you. (LONG SIGHING, DYING BREATH)

DOCTOR:

Tegan...?

FX: WE MOVE OFF INTO THE DRIPPING CATACOMBS, LEAVING HIM THERE. HIS VOICE ECHOING AFTER US.

DOCTOR:

(ECHOES) Oh Tegan.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

SCENE 41. INT. CATACOMBS. 21st CENTURY

LEANNE:

I'm sorry about your friend.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Thank you.

LEANNE:

And now I understand why you're haunting me – somehow, you want me to save you all.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Well, that would be nice, but that's really not it.

LEANNE:

(SLIGHTLY DISAPPOINTED) Oh. But. Somewhere down here, in these catacombs, is the solution to this whole mystery.

DOCTOR: (F.)

That's not it either. It's more like the entire city has spent the last few centuries becoming the mystery.

LEANNE:

And you're the key to it?

DOCTOR: (F.)

No, you are.

LEANNE:

What?

DOCTOR: (F.)

You're not here to save me – I'm here to save you.

LEANNE:

Me?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Yes. (PAUSE) We're no longer alone down here. Listen.

BROTHERS: (OFF, DRAWING IN)

(FAINT, WHISPERING) SABBAYOTH... Hungry... (REPEAT)

FX: THE ABOVE CONTINUES UNDER THE NEXT FEW LINES. A GUST OF WIND COMING CLOSER.

LEANNE:

What the hell?

DOCTOR: (F.)

This may seem like the wrong time to bring it up, but have you ever heard of the Brotherhood of Sabbayoth?

LEANNE:

Not really.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Fascinating really. A secluded religious order operating in the heart of this city. Ah, here they are...

FX: THE WHISPERING, THE SINISTER WIND, GETTING VERY NEAR NOW. SHADOWY FIGURES SURROUND LEANNE.

LEANNE:

I see. And these men in cloaks who've just appeared from nowhere... they're the Brotherhood of Sabbayoth?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Yes. As I was saying, operating in the heart of this city, seemingly untroubled by centuries of religious persecution

LEANNE:

Doctor, what do I do?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Your profession's an odd one. You take people into dark rooms with a terrible history and you lecture them until they're scared. What happens when a real ghost appears? You go to pieces.

LEANNE:

Real ghost? You mean these men in cloaks are...

DOCTOR: (F.)

The Brotherhood have never existed. They're not people. They're not even cloaks. They're just wraiths.

LEANNE:

But I can see them!

DOCTOR: (F.)

Look at their feet. (BEAT) They don't have any.

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth... is... hunger...

LEANNE:

Please! Stay back! Please!

DOCTOR: (F.)

Pull yourself together Leanne. How can you be afraid of something that doesn't know how to tie its shoelaces?

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth!

LEANNE:

Doctor! Shut up! Please!

DOCTOR: (F.)

They're a simplistic extrusion into the real world of an idea. Keeping an eye on things for their master. A smoke alarm.

(SMILES) A smoke and mirrors alarm.

LEANNE:

What are you talking about?

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth... is... hungry...

DOCTOR: (F.)

I'm just trying to reassure you that although you perceive the threat it's merely an apparition.

LEANNE:

Wait. You're trying to make me less scared of a ghost by telling me it's just a ghost. EVEN THOUGH I AM SURROUNDED BY GHOSTS?

DOCTOR: (F.)

That was the plan, yes.

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth!

LEANNE:

It's not worked. I've got a better plan. Run!

SCENE 42. INT. STUDENT HOUSE LIVING ROOM. 20th CENTURY

MUSIC: 70s MUSIC ON RADIO.

FX. GIGGLING AS A OUIJA BOARD IS SET UP. WINE POURED INTO GLASSES.

KATYA & MARTIN:
(GIGGLING)

KATYA: (GERMAN)
How does this work?

MARTIN:
It's a Ouija board. They don't come with instructions.
We need a wine glass!

FX: MARTIN GOES AND GETS ONE.

MARTIN:
(UNCERTAIN) This one? It's not clean.

KATYA:
Not my responsibility. That's why we have a cleaning rota.

MARTIN:
And a splendid one at that. I love that you've coloured it in.
Now, shall we get started?

FX. MARTIN PLACES THE GLASS ON THE OUIJA BOARD.

MARTIN:
Right. We both put a finger on the glass, like this. If it moves, the spirits will spell out a message.

KATYA:
(GIGGLES) Okay. (SPOOKY) Is there anybody there?

NOTHING HAPPENS.

MARTIN:
Let me try. (BECAUSE OBVIOUSLY, GHOSTS LISTEN TO MEN) Is there anybody there?

NOTHING AGAIN.

KATYA:
Well. So much for the paranormal. (CHECKS WATCH) Look, it's not yet 10. Clive's band is playing at The Stoat maybe if we – hey!

FX: THEIR ARMS ARE SNATCHED ACROSS THE BOARD FROM POINT TO POINT. GETTING FASTER.

MARTIN:

(EFFORT) Are you doing this? Because it's not funny.

KATYA:

What is it spelling – I can't keep up!

MARTIN:

I can't let go of the glass. I can't let go!

FX: THE SLIDING OF THE MUG BECOMES MORE AND MORE FRANTIC.

KATYA:

(NO LONGER GERMAN, HER VOICE TWISTED LIKE IN THE EXORCIST)
Sabbayoth!

MARTIN:

(SHOCKED REACTION)

KATYA:

Sabbayoth is coming!

SCENE 43. INT. TARDIS STASIS CHAMBER. 17th CENTURY

FX: THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE DEAD TARDIS. WE HEAR THE DOCTOR'S VOICE, AT FIRST A LONG WAY AWAY, THEN DRIFTING CLOSER TO US. MORE INTO FOCUS.

DOCTOR:

(QUIETLY) You killed her. Murdered her.

SABBAYOTH:

No, I simply transferred her energy into myself. Elementary physics. Is it murder when a solid becomes a liquid?

DOCTOR:

You have a lot to learn about how things are in this suburb of the universe.

SABBAYOTH:

I will learn. There are many centuries until my form will manifest.

DOCTOR:

"Manifest"?" You're one of those. Can't get your head around how wonderful just being alive is, but oddly at home chuntering on about your "great manifestation" and your "final arising".

SABBAYOTH:

(ANGRY HISS)

FX. THE DOCTOR STANDS UP, TEGAN IN HIS ARMS.

DOCTOR:

I'm sealing Tegan away in a stasis chamber. She's... (HE WANTS TO SAY "DEAD", BUT CANNOT) she contains no more energy for you to harvest.

SABBAYOTH:

She has no more value to me.

FX: A HISS AS THE DOCTOR OPENS A POD. LAYS TEGAN'S BODY INSIDE. HIS SPEECH RUNNING OVER THE ACTION.

DOCTOR:

(PLACING TEGAN'S BODY) Well, that's one way of putting it. A remarkably selfish one. In the next few years, you should try bumping into a few politicians. You'd get on famously.

SABBAYOTH:

Your words. I do not understand.

DOCTOR:

Of course you don't understand. Sometimes, when we're confronted by terrible things... We smile. It's called being alive and making the most of it.

FX: THE DOCTOR SEALS THE POD.

DOCTOR:

Brave heart, Tegan. (PAUSE) There. I'm done.

FX: THE DOCTOR TURNS AROUND AND WALKS AWAY.

SCENE 44. EXT. STREET BY STUDENT HOUSE. 20th CENTURY

FX: RAIN. FEET HURRYING THROUGH IT.

FR. ANGELO:

(OUT-OF-BREATH) I'm soaked.

MARTIN:

It's over here, Father. Please. Hurry.

FR. ANGELO:

Getting too old for this.

MARTIN:

Thanks again for coming. Especially on short notice.

FR. ANGELO:

Unlike you lot, priests don't have exciting plans on a Friday night.

MARTIN:

We're nearly there. (SPOTS THE BROTHERHOOD) What the—?

FR. ANGELO:

Ah. The Brotherhood. Pay no attention to them.

MARTIN:

Who are they? Why are they standing outside the flat?

FR. ANGELO:

Just walk past and up the stairs to the front door. Don't look at them. (SMILES) Well, my time here will not be wasted.

MARTIN:

What? You think I called you here for a laugh?

FR. ANGELO:

You're a student. These things have been known.

FX. HAVING MOUNTED THE STEPS, THEY UNLOCK THE FRONT DOOR, ENTER AND CLOSE IT BEHIND THEM.

MARTIN:

It's at the end of the corridor. This way.

FX. THEY WALK.

MARTIN:

Who are those guys in the cloaks?

FR. ANGELO:

Don't give them another thought, I beg you.

FX: THEY STOP WALKING.

MARTIN:

Here we are. I did what you told me on the phone. I left her alone. Talking.

FR. ANGELO:

Good, good.

MARTIN:

Only, it's not like the movies.

FR. ANGELO:

(KINDLY SMILE) Exorcism never is.

FX: MARTIN RATTLES AT THE DOOR AND IN THEY GO. BEHIND THEM, A RUMBLE OF THUNDER AND RAIN.

SCENE 45. INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR. 17th CENTURY

FX: THE DOCTOR WALKING, HIS FOOTSTEPS ECHOING. HIS BREATH, JUST A LITTLE LABOURED.

SABBAYOTH:

Why do you walk?

DOCTOR:

Because if I stop, I'll fall asleep and we both know what will happen then.

SABBAYOTH:

Do you mind this? Me talking to you?

DOCTOR:

Not at all, Sabbayoth. You're the only company I have. There's no point in sulking.

SABBAYOTH:

I am beginning to understand how you must feel towards me.

DOCTOR:

Are you?

SABBAYOTH:

That woman. She was your friend?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Yes she was.

SABBAYOTH:

And this vessel... that we walk through. It was also your friend?

DOCTOR:

My friend and my home. For a very long time.

SABBAYOTH:

It must make you... grieve... to see it dead?

DOCTOR:

Very much.

SABBAYOTH:

And, when I reach full strength, I shall do the same to this world. Will that make you grieve?

DOCTOR:

Yes. (WINCES — HE'S WEAKENING) Although, I'm not sure I'll be around to see it.

SABBAYOTH:

I cannot stop feeding on you. I regret that.

DOCTOR:

You do?

SABBAYOTH:

Yes. (THINKS. THIS IS DIFFICULT) I have a concept.

DOCTOR:

A concept?

SABBAYOTH:

An offer. If I could make this ship breathe again, you could go away. You would live. And you would not have to grieve when I end the Earth.

DOCTOR:

That's very kind. (WEARY SIGH) But no. I'll stay.

SABBAYOTH:

But you will die.

DOCTOR:

Yes. (HE'S REALLY VERY TIRED NOW) It's a very nice planet. Worth it.

SABBAYOTH:

But death is the end. Look what happened to your friend.

DOCTOR:

Tegan? (A SAD, TIRED SMILE) Oh, death won't stop Tegan.

FX: HE WALKS ON

SCENE 46. INT. CATACOMBS. 21st CENTURY

FX: LEANNE IS RUNNING, BREATH RAGGED AND EXHAUSTED

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth hungers!

DOCTOR: (F.)

(SOFT) Leanne, Leanne, listen to me. Running won't work. They're not real and they won't stop – you can't outrun them.

LEANNE:

(RUNNING) Shut. Up.

DOCTOR: (F.)

I understand, it's a primal urge. But you need to confront them. By running you're just putting yourself in danger.

LEANNE:

How?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Think. You're off the tourist path. No other tour guides. No exits. There aren't even any lights here.

FX: LEANNE STOPS RUNNING

DOCTOR: (F.)

Can you retrace your steps?

LEANNE:

What? You think I'm lost? (SHE KNOWS SHE IS)

DOCTOR: (F.)

Does your phone have a torch on it?

LEANNE:

Yes.

FX. SHE ACTIVATES IT.

LEANNE:

There.

DOCTOR: (F.)

No signal down here, I suppose?

LEANNE:

(CHECKS) No.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Too much to hope.

LEANNE:

All the time you were down here... did you find another way out?

DOCTOR: (F.)

(SMILES) No.

BROTHERS:

(DISTANT) Sabbayoth. Is. Hunger.

LEANNE:

The light. On my phone...

DOCTOR: (F.)

Going dim. I know.

LEANNE:

(LOOKING AROUND, PANICKING) And this tunnel is a dead end.

DOCTOR: (F.)

I wish they wouldn't call them that.

LEANNE:

Doctor, what do I do? Why are they interested in me?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Sabbayoth needs a psychic anchor, to pull himself fully into this world. It'll have been on the look-out for one over the centuries. Potential subjects will have come and gone. But only now, now that it's ready, a great mass of potential energy hovering just outside our world... only now does it really need one. And Leanne, I'm afraid it's you.

LEANNE:

Me?

DOCTOR: (F.)

You have a unique connection to it.

LEANNE:

How?

DOCTOR: (F.)

There are other anchors in this city. And you've walked between the site of them – all connected with Sabbayoth. Over and over. Wearing a groove in reality.

LEANNE:

Oh god.

DOCTOR: (F.)
I'm afraid it's that simple.

BROTHERS:
(CLOSE) Sabbayoth. Sabbayoth.

LEANNE:
Doctor, they're coming!

DOCTOR: (F.)
I'm sorry.

BROTHERS:
Sabbayoth. Is. Hunger.

DOCTOR: (F.)
They're going to make you help them, Leanne. And I can't...
[FADES on Stop them]

LEANNE:
Doctor! Don't leave me! Doctor!

BROTHERS:
Sabbayoth!

LEANNE:
(SCREAMS.)

SCENE 47. INT. STUDENT HOUSE LIVING ROOM. 20th CENTURY.

FX: FR. ANGELO AND MARTIN COME IN, STAMPING BOOTS AND SHAKING THE RAIN OFF.

FR. ANGELO:

Now, where is... the patient?

KATYA:

(WEAK CROAK) I'm here.

FR. ANGELO:

Good gracious. The poor child!

MARTIN:

She looks terrible.

KATYA:

Thanks.

FR. ANGELO:

(TO KATYA) Katya? Is that your name? Is that really you? I mean, are you... alone?

KATYA:

Yes. It's left me. But it is coming back. I can feel it!

FR. ANGELO:

That is often the way. Now, I ask this, not because I doubt you, but because I must know how strong you are before we fight this together. Is there are history of mental... difficulties... in your family?

MARTIN:

(HOT) She's not mad.

FR. ANGELO:

(SHORT) Young man, I was not addressing you. (PAUSE)
Katya – My question?

KATYA:

No.

FR. ANGELO:

That's fine. Take my hand. We shall be strong together.

KATYA:

(SHIVERS) She's coming.

FR. ANGELO:

She. Interesting.

KATYA:

And she's so angry.

FR. ANGELO:

(SMILING) I can be too, you know. Be brave, Katya. All my strength is yours.

KATYA:

(GASPS IN PAIN) I'm scared.

FR. ANGELO:

It's fine. Just hold my hand. There we go. (SCREAMS IN PAIN)
My hand! My god. Let go of my hand!

KATYA:

(POSSESSED) You've got to listen!

FR. ANGELO:

(AGONY) I am.

KATYA:

Sabbayoth is coming! Sabbayoth is coming!

FR. ANGELO:

(EFFORT) Tell me about Sabbayoth.

KATYA:

You've got to be ready. You've got to stop it.

FR. ANGELO:

(PAIN) I cannot. (SHOUTING) Spirit. I tell you. This body is not yours. Go back to where you came from.

KATYA:

Listen to me! You've got to stop it!

FR. ANGELO:

Begone. Spirit. Begone.

KATYA:

It's tearing me apart! Please!

FR. ANGELO:

Spirit. Leave. This. Body.

FX: A TERRIBLE HOWLING WIND ROARS THROUGH THE ROOM. FURNITURE BREAKS.

MARTIN:

(PANICKED SCREAM)

KATYA:

It waits underneath. It waits. You've got to stop it! Find the Doctor!

FR. ANGELO:

Begone. I cast you out!

FX: THE HOWLING BECOMES INTENSE

KATYA:

No! You don't understand! You're my only hope!

FX: MORE CRASHING FURNITURE

FR. ANGELO:

Begone! I cast you out!

KATYA & TEGAN:

Listen to me - My name's Tegan Jovanka!

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

END OF EPISODE THREE

EPISODE FOUR

MUSIC: OPENING THEME.

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 48. EXT. STREET. 21st CENTURY.

FX: FOOTSTEPS OF PASSERSBY WALKING THE STREET. THE ODD BUS OR CAR. RAIN. BUT ALSO THE CAWING OF CROWS. A SENSE OF DESOLATION.

LEANNE:

(SHOUTING) Ghost tours! Walking tours of the city! Catacombs! Execution sites! Ghost sightings! Take a flyer!

LOUIE:

(SHOUTING) Come my children, come on a journey into darkest nightmares! That's right! This way! Hold your loved one's hand, and, if you have no loved one, you're on your own. Come along.

TOURIST 3:

Do you have any tickets left for today's tour?

LOUIE:

(PAUSE, TO A TOURIST) No madam, alas, we're fully sold out for today. There are other tours. But everything you've heard about them is sadly true... (PUBLIC) My party – this way!

FX: WALKS AWAY, TAKING A LARGE PARTY WITH HIM. A LONE FEMALE TOURIST APPROACHES LEANNE.

TOURIST 3:

Excuse me?

LEANNE:

Yes?

TOURIST 3:

Do you do ghost tours?

LEANNE:

Yes. We have one leaving in 5 minutes.

TOURIST 3:

Where do I stand? I can't see the queue...

LEANNE:

(WEAK SMILE) We have sold other tickets, of course we have. But sometimes, people don't show up.

TOURIST 3:

Only, the other man – Magister Louie, he said something about your tour.

LEANNE:

Did he?

TOURIST 3:

Yes.

LEANNE:

Ah.

DOCTOR: (F.)

If I might have a word?

LEANNE:

No!

TOURIST 3:

Excuse me?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Is now a bad time?

LEANNE:

Shut up! Go away! You left me to die!

TOURIST 3:

I did nothing of the–

LEANNE:

How many times – go away!

TOURIST 3:

Gladly.

FX: SHE MARCHES AWAY.

LEANNE:

Not you, you idiot, come back. Please! (SIGH)

DOCTOR: (F.)

Ah. Sorry. Didn't mean to get in the way.

LEANNE:

(IGNORING) Take a flyer! Ghost tour – one leaving in 5 minutes and then there's our Midnight Murder March! Please, someone, take a flyer.

DOCTOR: (F.)

I can understand why you might be cross with me.

LEANNE:

You left me alone, in the dark, with those things.

DOCTOR: (F.)

It wasn't my choice. You became so frightened that the latent telepathic channels in your brain became overloaded.

LEANNE:

You're using long words to make this my fault?!?!?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Not exactly

LEANNE:

Anyway, I got out of there without you. I didn't need you.

DOCTOR: (F.)

You were supposed to.

LEANNE:

What?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Something needed access to your brain and I was just getting in the way.

LEANNE:

Ain't that the truth.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Since last night, I've had a chance to think things through and examine the various accounts of the hauntings. (CLEARS THROAT) I used your phone while you were asleep.

LEANNE:

You did what?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Sorry about that. (SMILES) Still, at least we're talking again!

LEANNE:

You're talking.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Ah. Quite. So, remember my companions - the ones I sent off into history? Well, I now know where they ended up - as stops on your ghost tour. Those psychic anchors I mentioned last night. Even Tegan makes an appearance - fascinating really. Still, the interaction between artron energy and psychospoor would be like candy floss to Sabbayoth.

LEANNE:

Please shut up. I've never been more scared than I was last night.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Again, I'm sorry. And I'm afraid it's going to get worse.

LEANNE:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR: (F.)

I think Sabbayoth is just about ready to make its grand entrance. Last night it planted a trigger in your brain.

LEANNE:

Seriously?

DOCTOR: (F.)

(PRESSING ON) Whatever you do, you cannot go down into the catacombs tonight.

LEANNE:

Doctor, listen to me. It's my job, okay? I'm already in trouble – ticket sales are down, Magister Louie's telling everyone that I'm nuts. I'm going down the vaults tonight or I won't be able to pay my rent tomorrow.

DOCTOR: (F.)

There might not be a world tomorrow.

LEANNE:

That all sounds very grand but – even if the world ends, my landlord is still going to want his money. That's why I'm standing, in the rain, for hours, handing out flyers. It's the dull things that get you.

DOCTOR: (F.)

(LONG, SAD BREATH) It is, isn't it? All right. I can't stop you. But you'll be putting yourself in terrible danger.

LEANNE:

Yeah, right.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Look around you – look at the street. There's less traffic than yesterday, isn't there? Fewer people? And a slight tang in the air. That's Sabbayoth. Already the world is sensing its arrival.

FX: WHEN THE DOCTOR FINISHES SPEAKING WE REALISE THAT ALL THE SOUNDS OF THE STREET HAVE FADED AWAY WITHOUT OR NOTICING — LEAVING JUST THE RAIN.

DOCTOR: (F.)

This is how the world ends Leanne. On a rainy day.

SCENE 49. INT. CATACOMBS. 17th CENTURY

FX: DRIP DRIP DRIP FROM THE CEILING. THE SCRAPE OF A MORTAR ACROSS BRICKS.

SABBAYOTH:

Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Ah, Sabbayoth, you've been quiet for ever so long. When your erstwhile worshippers sealed this place up, they left most of their building materials on this side of the divide. So I'm building a wall. Bricklaying's a good hobby to have, you know. Calming. Churchill was a big fan you know.

FX: PUTS ANOTHER BRICK IN PLACE.

SABBAYOTH:

Why are you doing this?

DOCTOR:

I'm dying, Sabbayoth. But I'm doing a bit of tidying up first. At some point, someone's going to come down here. I can't have them finding the skeleton of a Time Lord, or an abandoned time machine. It could all end very badly.

FX: LAYS SOME MORE BRICKS.

DOCTOR:

So, I'm sealing myself away. It's very neat.

FX: SLOTS A LAST BRICK INTO PLACE.

DOCTOR:

And there we go, wall finished. Must rest. (HE LEANS BACK, EXHAUSTED) Not much energy left. My mind's still sharp, but this body is threadbare.

SABBAYOTH:

You have sustained me.

DOCTOR:

Yes I have, sadly. (WIPES FOREHEAD) How long.. how long have I been down here?

SILENCE

DOCTOR:

No answer? Thought not. Time has no meaning for you does it? The drips from the ceiling tell me only that it's raining upstairs. Not the time of day, not the season even – still less the year. Or should that be century?

FX: THE DOCTOR SINKS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

(WEAK) So tired. (FROWNS) Tegan – when you flung her spirit forward, you used the telepathic circuits, and (RALLYING) you couldn't have done that unless the TARDIS is still here in the future. So my bricklaying worked. Good to know. (LIES BACK, SPENT) Should do something with that. (PAUSE) Funny really. Always had hoped to die on a sunny day. Ah well. (LONG SIGH, IN EFFECT HIS DYING BREATH).

SCENE 50. INT. CAFE. 21st CENTURY

FX: DISTANT RATTLE OF COFFEE MACHINES AND CUSTOMERS AND BABIES. BUT ALSO, IT'S QUITE QUIET. THERE'S A HOSPITAL ECHO TO THIS CAFÉ.

LOCAL RADIO: (D.)

And Janice there, calling in to say she's no power either. We also heard from Brian who claims none of the cars in the Market Street car park will start. Are you affected by the mysterious blackouts? Call in. Unless of course, your radio has been affected too! (LITTLE DJ LAUGH) More after this...

MUSIC: INNOCUOUS MODERN MUSIC ON THE RADIO.

FX. RADIO FADES RIGHT INTO THE BACKGROUND AS WE MOVE TO LEANNE AND THE DOCTOR.

LEANNE:

So, that's how you died?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Sort of.

LEANNE:

Do you ever answer anything with a yes or a no?

DOCTOR: (F.)

You've not asked me about tea.

LEANNE:

Do you like tea?

DOCTOR: (F.)

Depends.

LEANNE GROANS

DOCTOR: (F.)

Are you having the last of that scotch egg?

LEANNE:

No. I'm full.

DOCTOR: (F.)

Pity. I do like a scotch egg. So. Listen. I couldn't help you last night. But I can now.

LEANNE:

And you expect me to trust you? After last time? Seriously?

DOCTOR: (F.)
Sabbayoth will come through tonight.

LEANNE:
Or maybe he won't. Doctor, I'm being polite. I've had enough of ghosts. Please. Leave me alone.

DOCTOR: (F.)
I see. (A SIGH) Oh dear.

FX: CRASH. A TRAY OF DRINKS SMASHES TO THE GROUND. THEN ANOTHER.

CUSTOMER WILDTRACK:
(CONFUSED RESPONSES TO THINGS SMASHING)

FX: MORE CRASHES. SHRIEKS FROM BABIES

LEANNE:
What's going on?

FX: MORE TEA CUPS FALL.

LEANNE:
Doctor is this you?

DOCTOR: (F.)
Drastic measures. Sorry. Will you help me?

LEANNE:
You're a poltergeist now?

DOCTOR: (F.)
Quite an impressive one. Help me?

LEANNE:
No.

DOCTOR: (F.)
Very well.

FX: EVERY MOBILE PHONE IN THE PLACE GOES OFF. THERE IS CONSTERNATION AND SCREAMING IN THE CAFÉ. TEXT MESSAGES START TO ARRIVE.

CUSTOMERS WILDTRACKS:
What's this?
What's going on?
Who sent me a text?
(READING) "Help. The. Doctor?"

DOCTOR: (F.)

I think this is working rather well.

LEANNE:

I don't. (SHE STANDS, SCRAPING HER CHAIR BACK, AND SPEAKS WITH A HUGE BELLOW) Doctor. Get... Out... Of... My... Head!

FX: UNDER EACH WORD IS A STORM. THE HOWLING BUILDS, ALONG WITH THE SHRIEK OF PHONES, THE OCCASIONAL CRASH OF A TEACUP.

CUSTOMERS WILDTRACKS:

(SCREAMS)

DOCTOR: (F.)

No! Leanne, don't do this – please – nooo!

LEANNE:

(OVERLAPPING) Go away!

FX: AND EVERY TEACUP EXPLODES AND THERE IS A TERRIBLE RUSHING NOISE. SUDDEN ABSOLUTE QUIET, APART FROM A LONE BABY'S SNUFFLES.

LEANNE:

That's better.

SCENE 51. EXT. MARKET ST. NIGHT. 21st CENTURY.

FX: QUIET NIGHTTIME BUSTLE. A WHIPPING OF WIND. THE CAWING OF CROWS.

LOUIE:

(OFF-DUTY, SO HIS ACCENT IS A BIT BRUM) Power's off over most of the city. They were saying the hospital's lit by candles.

LEANNE:

Very Florence Nightingale.

LOUIE:

And I hear you were lucky not to be arrested.

LEANNE:

Please, Louie. Let's not go into it.

LOUIE:

They said it was like something from Poltergeist. Wish I'd seen it.

LEANNE:

(FIRM) Stop it. It's been a tough few days.

LOUIE:

(BIT PLUMMIER) My dear Leanne, I'm just teasing. But, is it voices in your head, or are all the demons of hell chasing you?

LEANNE:

Suppose I really was in touch with ghosts. Suppose I can blow up a café with my mind... Should you really be winding me up?

LOUIE:

But... my dear... (THE ACT DROPS COMPLETELY FOR A MOMENT) Are you okay?

LEANNE:

No.

LOUIE:

(TRUCE OVER) Well, looks like you won't have to worry about your Midnight Tour. No-one's here.

LEANNE:

Yeah. No punters for you to steal.

LOUIE:

The very idea! No. All mine are waiting for me in St David's Churchyard. Just wanted to... ah... make sure... you were... all right.

LEANNE:

Thanks.

LOUIE:

Hey hey! Looks like I spoke too soon. Over there – Punters. Don't worry – I won't pinch them. I'm full for tonight anyhow. (LOUD) Fancy dress! I like it. I like it. (APPLAUDS) Well done on making the effort, all of you. Love the cloaks. You'll be in safe hands with Leanne here. Well, must be getting along. Can't leave my Germans in the graveyard too long. See you!

FX: LOUIE CRUNCHES AWAY.

LEANNE:

See you. (DEEP BREATH. SHE IS BEING BRAVE) I take it you're the Brotherhood.

A BEAT OF SILENCE, NO RESPONSE.

LEANNE:

I know what you want. I'll take you down the catacombs. I've no choice really, have I?

FX: AND SHE STARTS WALKING.

SCENE 52. INT. CATACOMBS. 21st CENTURY

FX: STEPS — WE ONLY REALLY HEAR LEANNE, BUT THERE IS A BUSTLE BEHIND HER, JUST A WHISPER OF SPOOKY NOISE.

LEANNE:

(TOUR GUIDE VOICE, SHAKEN) ... The Catacombs. Now has anyone heard the story of these catacombs? (PAUSE SILENCE) Anyone? Really? No? A long time ago something terrible and alien arrived here — and, over the years, it was worshipped. They called it Sabbayoth. They called themselves the Brotherhood because, well, *men*. Now, would anyone like to guess at what happened to these worshippers? (SILENCE) No. Shame. I'm sort of guessing they waited for Sabbayoth to grow stronger. And, as time passed, it consumed them until they faded away to wraiths. But they didn't stop believing. Which is nice.

FX: SHE'S NOW AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS, WALKING THROUGH THE HALLS.

LEANNE:

Did you know, the building above us used to belong to the Brotherhood? Then it became flats. And the students in one flat decided to play with a Ouija board. What they heard that night led them to rediscover the basement. Which is this series of passages running under the entire street.

FX: SHE LEADS THEM ON AND TURNS LEFT, STEPPING INTO THE SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER.

LEANNE:

Now then, let's turn left and step through here.

FX. CROSS TO INSIDE THE CHAMBER.

SCENE 53. INT. CATACOMB TEMPLE. 21st CENTURY. (CONT.)**LEANNE:**

Let me know when you want me to stop the tour, won't you?

SILENCE

LEANNE:

Okay. Well, when the catacombs were uncovered this chamber was found. It has long puzzled people, but I guess we can call it the Temple of Sabbayoth. (BRIGHT) And then, of course, there are these little stones, all in a circle. Now, what do you think they are, eh? (BEAT) I guess this point marks the spot where Sabbayoth arrived, all those years and years ago. Also, you know, the bit where the Doctor tried to save his friends – which probably made things more complicated. But there we are. (DEEP, BRAVE BREATH) So. Any questions?

SILENCE

LEANNE:

I mean, I'm guessing this is it, right? That thing you worship is about to be reborn. And you need me to help do it. What about the Doctor – was that you? Was there even a Doctor? Or just a voice in my head. Misleading me?

SILENCE

LEANNE:

I could try and run. But what's the point? You've had centuries to shape this city. And I'm just one person.

FX: A GENTLE RUSTLING AMONGST THE BROTHERHOOD. A WHISPERING. SHE IS SHOVED

LEANNE:

(REACTING) A shove? That was definitely a shove. So you've body enough when your boss needs something.

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth!

LEANNE:

You want me to in the circle. I'd rather not, if it's all the same.

FX: THE URGING GETS LOUDER.

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth is coming. Sabbayoth demands it.

FX: SOUNDS OF SHOVING.

LEANNE:

All right. Stop shoving. I'll do it.

FX: SHE STEPS INTO THE CIRCLE. THE BROTHERHOOD STEP BACK.

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth is coming. You must wait for him in the circle.

LEANNE:

You not joining me? Thought not. You're just going to leave me standing here. Alone.

FX: A MOMENT'S SILENCE, APART FROM THE STIRRING OF AN ANCIENT WIND.

DOCTOR:

(CLEARS THROAT) Actually, you don't have to be alone.

FX: HE STEPS FORWARD INTO THE CIRCLE.

LEANNE:

Doctor! Is that you? I... I...

DOCTOR:

You imagined I'd be taller. I know. Hello Leanne! Let me just take this cloak off. Sackcloth always smells funny doesn't it? No wonder these fellows are so dispirited.

BROTHERS:

(HISS)

DOCTOR:

Oh I know, but now I'm standing inside the circle you can't touch me. It'd be like opening the oven to see how the Yorkshires are doing. (TUTS) So I'm going to stand beside my friend Leanne and await Sabbayoth. (PAUSES, LISTENS TO THE RISING WIND) He sounds nearly cooked.

FX: THE WIND RISES.

DOCTOR:

Any second now, Sabbayoth will turn up and burn this whole world to a cinder. Any. Second. Now. (TUM-TE-TUMS FOR A BIT) I hate this bit. Like waiting for a bus.

LEANNE:

Doctor. You're really here.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

LEANNE:

How come you're not dead?

DOCTOR:

Ah.

SCENE 54. INT. TARDIS. 17th CENTURY

FX: FLASHBACK VIBE. UNDER THE DIALOGUE WE HEAR THE DOCTOR LAY THE LAST OF THE BRICKS AND WALK INTO THE ECHOING DEAD TARDIS. WE HEAR HIM WALKING AROUND AND THEN, WITH A LONG SIGH, SITTING DOWN.

DOCTOR:

(VOICE OVER) You see, back in the 17th Century.. I bricked myself up and went into a healing coma.

LEANNE:

(VOICE OVER) A coma?

DOCTOR:

(VOICE OVER) We can survive like that for hundreds of years –

LEANNE:

(VOICE OVER) We?.

DOCTOR:

(VOICE OVER) My people. I interfaced with my ship's telepathic circuits to project my consciousness into the future.

SCENE 55. INT. CATACOMBS TEMPLE. 21st CENTURY.

FX: THE RISING HOWLING WIND. AND A SOFT CHANTING FROM THE BROTHERHOOD.

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth, Sabbayoth (REPEAT)

LEANNE:

Wait, what?

DOCTOR:

I projected myself into the head of the person Sabbayoth had chosen to bring about its return. You.

LEANNE:

You emailed yourself into my head?

DOCTOR:

Yes. That's a nice analogy. Like a chatty bit of spam.

LEANNE:

But why?

DOCTOR:

You'll find out in a moment.

FX: THE WIND REACHES A CRESCENDO.

LEANNE:

Here it comes.

DOCTOR:

Yes it does. Hold my hand.

LEANNE:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Because I'm the Doctor. I'm the link you really shouldn't click. Here it comes. Get ready for the end of the world!

SABBAYOTH:

Sabbayoth!

FX: THE SOUND OF THE WORLD TEARING APART.

LEANNE:

(SCREAMS)

FX. SEGUES INTO NEXT SCENE.

SCENE 56. INT. CATACOMBS TEMPLE/LEANNE'S HEAD (CONT).

FX: LEANNE'S SCREAM CONTINUES TO ECHO, FORMING THE BACKGROUND TO THIS SCENE. THE SOUND OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD BECOMES DULLED AS WE STEP INTO LEANNE'S HEAD SLIGHTLY. LEANNE AND SABBAYOTH SOUND CLEAR, INTIMATE, WHILE THE REST IS ALL SLIGHTLY 'OFF'.

SABBAYOTH:

Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth is risen! Sabbayoth is risen!

DOCTOR:

Leanne! Leanne! Stay calm!

LEANNE:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

If you panic, we're lost. Stay calm.

LEANNE:

I can't.

DOCTOR:

If you don't, an alien force will harvest a vast amount of psychic energy through you and destroy the world.

LEANNE:

That's not helping.

SABBAYOTH:

I shall be reborn. Even now, I am racing through your brain..

FX: A WET, HORRIBLE TEARING, AS SABBAYOTH PULLS AT LEANNE'S BRAIN.

LEANNE:

(GRUNTS IN PAIN.)

SABBAYOTH:

The powers that you have belong to me. You are my focus.

LEANNE:

(TEETH GRITTED) Doctor! It's tearing my head apart.

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth! Sabbayoth!

SABBAYOTH:

You have so much energy in you!

FX: IT TEARS INTO HER BRAIN

LEANNE:

(GASPS IN PAIN) Help me! What do I do?

DOCTOR:

(OVER THIS) Leanne, you have to let him into your head.

FX: MORE TEARING.

LEANNE:

(AGONY) Why?

DOCTOR:

(FIRM, HEROIC) Because then we have him exactly where we want him.

LEANNE:

(EFFORT) We? Who's we?

DOCTOR:

Open your eyes.

FX. A WHOOSH. THE ECHO OF HER SCREAM STOPS AND WE'RE COMPLETELY BACK IN THE CATACOMBS. A MOMENT OF SILENCE BEFORE THE BIG BANG.

LEANNE:

Who are you?

NYSSA:

I'm Nyssa.

ADRIC:

Adric.

TEGAN:

Tegan. Hello.

LEANNE:

What? But how?

DOCTOR:

Now's not really the time – Here it comes everyone!

FX: BOOM! THE MAELSTROM EXPLODES. WE WHISK AWAY FROM THE SOUND AND THEN CROSSFADE WITH THE NEXT SCENE, AS WE FLASH BACK TO SCENE 50.

SCENE 57. INT. TARDIS. 18th CENTURY.

[FLASHBACK SC 50, SLIGHTLY DREAMY, DISTANT, A MEMORY.]

FX: UNDER EACH WORD IS A STORM. THE HOWLING BUILDS, ALONG WITH THE SHRIEK OF PHONES, THE OCCASIONAL CRASH OF A TEACUP.

DOCTOR:

Noooooo! Leanne, don't do this – please – noooooo...

LEANNE:

(OVERLAPPING) Go away!

FX: AND EVERY TEACUP EXPLODES AND THERE IS A TERRIBLE RUSHING NOISE.]

FX: SUDDEN CLARITY. WE'RE IN THE TARDIS, THE DOCTOR SITS UP WITH A GASP. FAINT SOUND OF THE TARDIS HUMMING, IT'S POWER SLOWLY BUILDING.

DOCTOR:

(GASP) Stupid girl! She's sent me back to the TARDIS. What was she thinking? She's ruined everything! Why do they never listen? (SIGH) Humans. Now I'm stuck back in my ship before any of it happens and... no, wait, hang on a second! There's some light! The power's back!

FX: THE HUM OF THE TARDIS IS LOUDER NOW.

DOCTOR:

(CHECKING A READOUT) Still a hundred years off, but the TARDIS has recharged. It could work. Let me see – ah yes, still early enough in time for me to get away with it. Oh. Leanne, you are brilliant.

FX: THE DOCTOR THROWS HIMSELF AT THE TARDIS CONTROLS, THROWING SWITCHES. THE TARDIS BEGINS TO DEMATERIALISE

DOCTOR:

*For those we are about to deceive...
Well, let's just hope the Time Lords don't catch me at it.*

SCENE 58. EXT. DUCKPOND. 18th CENTURY

[Reprise of Scene 29.]

FX: A CROWD OF JEERING VILLAGERS. BUBBLING WATER.

GILES:

Cold, missy? It'll be warm enough for you where you're going!

CROWD:

(LAUGHTER)

NYSSA:

Matthew! Please! Stop this! Please!

MRS STUBBS:

Vicar won't save you now. He's free of you. Dunk her again!

FX: AND, WITH JEERS, SHE IS PLUNGED UNDER WATER AGAIN.]

FX. CALM SETTLES ON THE WATER. MATTHEW COMES RUNNING UP.

MATTHEW:

Let her up! Let her up!

MRS STUBBS:

Vicar! Don't lose faith. She's as black as sin – you said so yourself!

MATTHEW:

She's innocent! I lied – I lied to save myself. May god forgive me. Stop this at once!

GILES:

Bide another few moments, Reverend. We're nearly done with washing her sins off in holy water. (CHUCKLES)

FX: MATTHEW HURLS HIMSELF AT GILES.

MATTHEW:

Let her up, I tell you. Let her up!

MATTHEW & GILES:

(EFFORT SOUNDS OF STRUGGLING)

FX: THE WATER GIVES A LOUD BUBBLE.

MRS STUBBS:

It's too late.

FX: MATHEW SHOVES GILES TO THE GROUND.

MATTHEW:

(EFFORT OF SHOVING)

GILES:

(RESPONSE SOUND TO BE BEING PUSHED OVER, BREATHLESS FROM THE FIGHT).

MATTHEW:

I'll do it myself. (GRUNTS/EFFORT AS STRUGGLES TO LIFT THE DUCKING STOOL)

FX: MATTHEW HEAVES DOWN ON THE OTHER END OF THE DUCKING STOOL. AND, WITH SOME EFFORT, IT COMES BACK TO THE SURFACE.

CROWD:

(GASPS)

GILES:

It's empty! She's gone!

MATTHEW:

Nyssa! Oh god forgive me, Nyssa!

FX. HE SPLASHES INTO THE POND.

MATTHEW:

Someone – someone help me search the pond. Damn you – search the pond.

MRS STUBBS:

(SOAKED IN PIETY) It's too late for that, Reverend. (TO THE CROWD) May Jesu blast any of you that spoke against that soul – for she were an Angel and God's taken her back to Heaven.

FX: A DUCK QUACKS.

SCENE 59. INT. TARDIS. 18th CENTURY.

FX: THE TARDIS IS IN MID FLIGHT. NYSSA IS ON THE FLOOR, COUGHING WETLY.

NYSSA:

(CHOKING) Drowning – they were drowning me.

DOCTOR:

I know, Nyssa, I know. I'm so sorry. Just – try to relax. You've swallowed a lot of water.

NYSSA:

(WEAK, COUGHING) Humans – they're horrible. Horrible. I don't know why you want to help them so much.

DOCTOR:

(SOFT) Not all of them. Here, I brought a warm blanket for you.

FX: HE WRAPS HER IN A BLANKET.

NYSSA:

Thank you. Thank you for saving me.

DOCTOR:

It was the least I could do. Also (SMILES WITH GLEE) underwater materialisation!

NYSSA:

(MORE IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE) That's nice.

DOCTOR:

The next stop's a bit easier. Needs a steady hand, though.

FX: AND THE TARDIS FLIES ON.

SCENE 60. EXT. GALLOWGATE. 19th CENTURY

[REPRISE OF SCENE 30, NOW HEARD FROM UNDERNEATH A CLOSED TRAPDOOR, SO IT IS A LITTLE MUFFLED.]

JAILER:

There she goes. Nice and tight. Any last words, young sir before you drop through the trap door?

ADRIC:

Yes. Can we wait a few more minutes? The Doctor specialises in last-minute rescues.

JAILER:

We've wasted enough time as it is (SHOUTING TO SOMEONE) Right, this one's ready. Let her go.

ADRIC:

No! Please, nooo!

FX: CLUNK, THUNK! A TRAPDOOR IS PULLED AND ADRIC FALLS THROUGH.

CROWD:

(JUBILANT ROAR)]

FX. AS HE FALLS THROUGH, THE ACOUSTIC CHANGES TO HEAR THE ROAR OF THE CROWD THROUGH THE OPEN TRAPDOOR.

ADRIC:

(CHOKED GASP)

DOCTOR:

Got you!

ADRIC:

(HOARSE) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, cut the rope- quickly!

FX: FLASHBACK WHOOSH AS WE WHIP BACK TO THE CATACOMB TEMPLE.

SCENE 61. INT. CATACOMB TEMPLE. 21st CENTURY (FOLLOWS DIRECTLY FROM SCENE 56).

FX: AS BEFORE.

LEANNE:

(PANICKING, SHOUTING) But the four of you! You shouldn't be here.

TEGAN:

(SHOUTING) No. We should. Now. You do your bit.

SABBAYOTH:

I arise!

FX: AROUND HER WE HEAR THE BROTHERHOOD STAGGERING AS ENERGY POURS INTO THEM.

BROTHERS:

Sabbayoth! Help us! Help us! We are burning!

SABBAYOTH:

Burn! You are mere fuel to be consumed.

FX: AND THE BROTHERHOOD BURST INTO FLAME.

LEANNE:

Stop!

FX: AND HER CRY ECHOES.

SABBAYOTH:

What? What are you doing?

LEANNE:

Fighting back. You put all this power in my head. I'm using it against you.

FX: AND THE MAELSTROM GROWS AND TWISTS

SABBAYOTH:

(SCREAMS)

LEANNE:

(EFFORT) It's so strong.

DOCTOR:

Stand still, Leanne. Face up to it. We're here.

ADRIC:

You'll have to do most of the work, though.

TEGAN:

Thanks for the encouraging words, Adric! (TO LEANNE) Leanne, we're here for you.

LEANNE:

(PAINED) So strong!

NYSSA:

And so are we.

DOCTOR:

(YELLING) Sabbayoth. I've moved the goalposts. You've used these people as a focus. Used them and discarded them. But they're here now. Exactly where they shouldn't be. Fighting back. (TO LEANNE) Leanne. Give him hell!

LEANNE:

(GRUNTING) Sabbayoth? All the power you wanted? Have it. (ROAR OF EFFORT) Have it all.

FX: BLAST OF ENERGY.

SABBAYOTH:

(HOWLS IN AGONY)

Doctor, let me through. I could do so much to this world!

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, SAD) Yes you could. And perhaps it's best you don't get to try. (TO THE OTHERS) Concentrate everyone. Don't let Sabbayoth out of the circle.

SABBAYOTH:

I will become. I shall!

LEANNE:

(EFFORT) No. We don't want you here.

SABBAYOTH:

The world shall be mine!

LEANNE:

No. (SIGHS) Just go away. (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT AGAIN)

FX: ANOTHER BLAST OF ENERGY

SABBAYOTH:

(AGONY) Mine...!

FX: THE TEMPEST BURSTS AND THEN STOPS. SABBAYOTH FADES AWAY

SABBAYOTH:

(ECHO) Mine... mine... mine...

A MOMENT'S SILENCE.

DOCTOR:

I do hate it when they shout. But it does make it easier. They never think straight when they're cross.

LEANNE:

(A SOB)

NYSSA:

(CAUTIONING) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Oh, Leanne. I am sorry. How are you?

LEANNE:

(OVERCOME) It's just – I'm rather – It's been a long day.

ADRIC:

For all of us.

TEGAN:

Come on, Leanne. Perch on a sacred stone. It's okay isn't it, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes. It's as harmless as a concrete bollard now.

FX: LEANNE SITS DOWN.

LEANNE:

Thank you. (SIGHS) How did I do that?

DOCTOR:

(STARTS TO ANSWER) Ah, now...

NYSSA:

(INTERRUPTING) Oh, you shouldn't ask him that.

TEGAN:

Definitely not.

ADRIC:

No. The explaining is often more painful than the actual experience.

DOCTOR:

If you wouldn't mind. (PAUSE) Earlier you said I emailed myself into your head.

TEGAN:

Email?

ADRIC:

Primitive electronic messaging system.

NYSSA:

It's banned on Traken. Too distracting.

DOCTOR:

(CLEARS THROAT) Anyway, not only did I email myself into your head, but I also included a virus. I implanted a telepathic trigger. Sabbayoth focused all his power into you. And had no idea you could use it against him. Hoist with his own petard.

LEANNE:

And so that's the end of Sabbayoth?

DOCTOR:

(NOT EXACTLY, BUT THEY NEEDN'T WORRY) Not exactly.

SCENE 62. INT. CAFE. 21st CENTURY.

FX: DISTANT NIGHT TIME CROWD. OUTSIDE WE HEAR LOUIE GIVING HIS TALK.

LOUIE: (OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ)

Well, my dear children, I'm sorry we didn't see any ghosts tonight, but maybe, just maybe, we'll have better luck tomorrow. And don't forget, tonight's ticket gives you 50% off tomorrow's tour.

FX. WE HEAR THEM MOVE AWAY.

DOCTOR:

So... basically, thanks to you, Sabbayoth became untethered. You didn't so much blow him up as blow him away.

LEANNE:

Like a tent in a storm?

DOCTOR:

You're really good with your analogies!

FX: TEGAN PLONKS A TRAY FULL OF COFFEES ON THE TABLE.

TEGAN:

Here you go. Have you seen how expensive coffee is in the future? Adric, I got them to make yours with almond milk.

ADRIC:

Ooh! Will I like it?

TEGAN:

No.

ADRIC:

(VERY DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

NYSSA:

Here, you can have mine.

FX: THEY TAKE COFFEES.

LEANNE:

You cheated, didn't you Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(PLAYING THE INNOCENT) Cheated?

LEANNE:

Rearranged history so that Nyssa and Adric vanished. And in

such a spectacular manner that legends would spring up about their disappearances.

DOCTOR:

Thus creating two of the stops on your ghost walk.

TEGAN:

But what about me?

DOCTOR:

I lied to Sabbayoth. Told it she was dead, and packed her into a cryopod so that she could heal and it couldn't feed on her any more.

TEGAN:

And he woke me up immediately after he'd rescued Nyssa and Adric.

ADRIC AND NYSSA:

(AWKWARD COUGH AND HEM)

DOCTOR:

(LYING) Quite. Almost... Immediately.

TEGAN:

(GLARES) We'll talk about that later. (TO LEANNE) And then we came back to return the favour and rescue you.

DOCTOR:

We put on some cloaks, and tagged along on your ghost walk.

ADRIC:

The Brotherhood didn't even notice us.

LEANNE:

I feel rather sorry for them.

DOCTOR:

Yes. They were all that remained of Sabbayoth's original worshippers. Over the years their belief ate away at them.

TEGAN:

Nothing to what it would have done to the planet.

DOCTOR:

Exactly.

LEANNE:

But we're safe now.

NYSSA:

No Sabbayoth.

ADRIC:

No Brotherhood.

TEGAN:

No poltergeists?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely none. Those were only projections generated by the TARDIS.

LEANNE:

So just to check – I'm no longer psychic?

DOCTOR:

You never were. But it's worse than that, I'm afraid. Now I've reset my time machine's telepathic circuits, that's the last the city will be seeing of the supernatural. Your life from here on in is going to be a lot more dull.

LEANNE:

(SIPS COFFEE, SMILES) That's fine by me, Doctor. After all, I've never really believed in ghosts.

MUSIC: END THEME.